

# DOLL MAN

SM  
★  
S

SPRING ISSUE  
No. 16

*Quarterly*

10¢

The  
**DOLL  
MAN**  
condenses for  
**ACTION  
AND  
THRILLS!**







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# QUALITY

*NOW GIVES YOU*

## BLACKHAWK

## DOLL MAN

## PLASTIC MAN

## CANDY

*and*

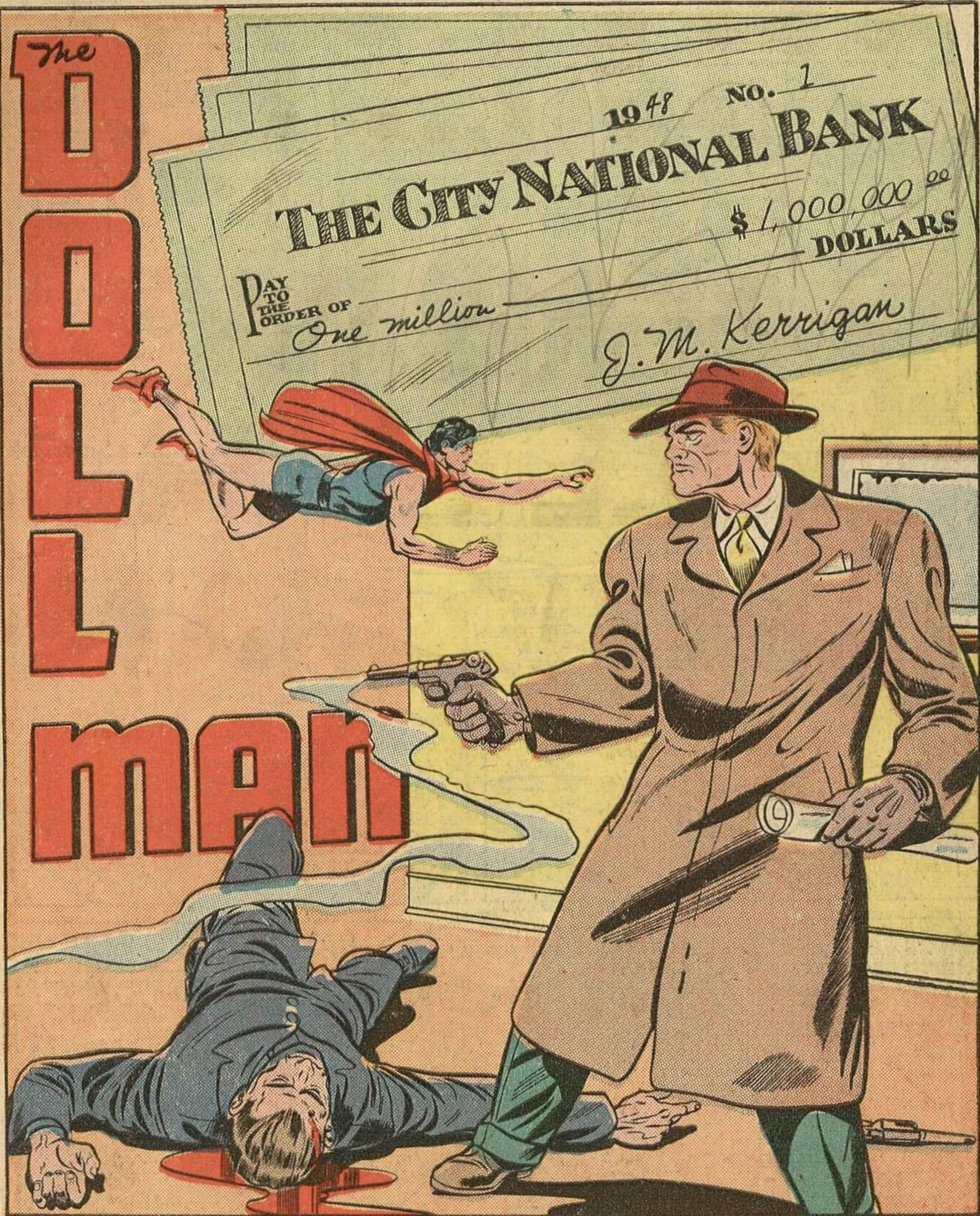
## KID ETERNITY

*EVERY OTHER MONTH*

**LOOK FOR THEM ON YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND**

ONLY  
**10¢**

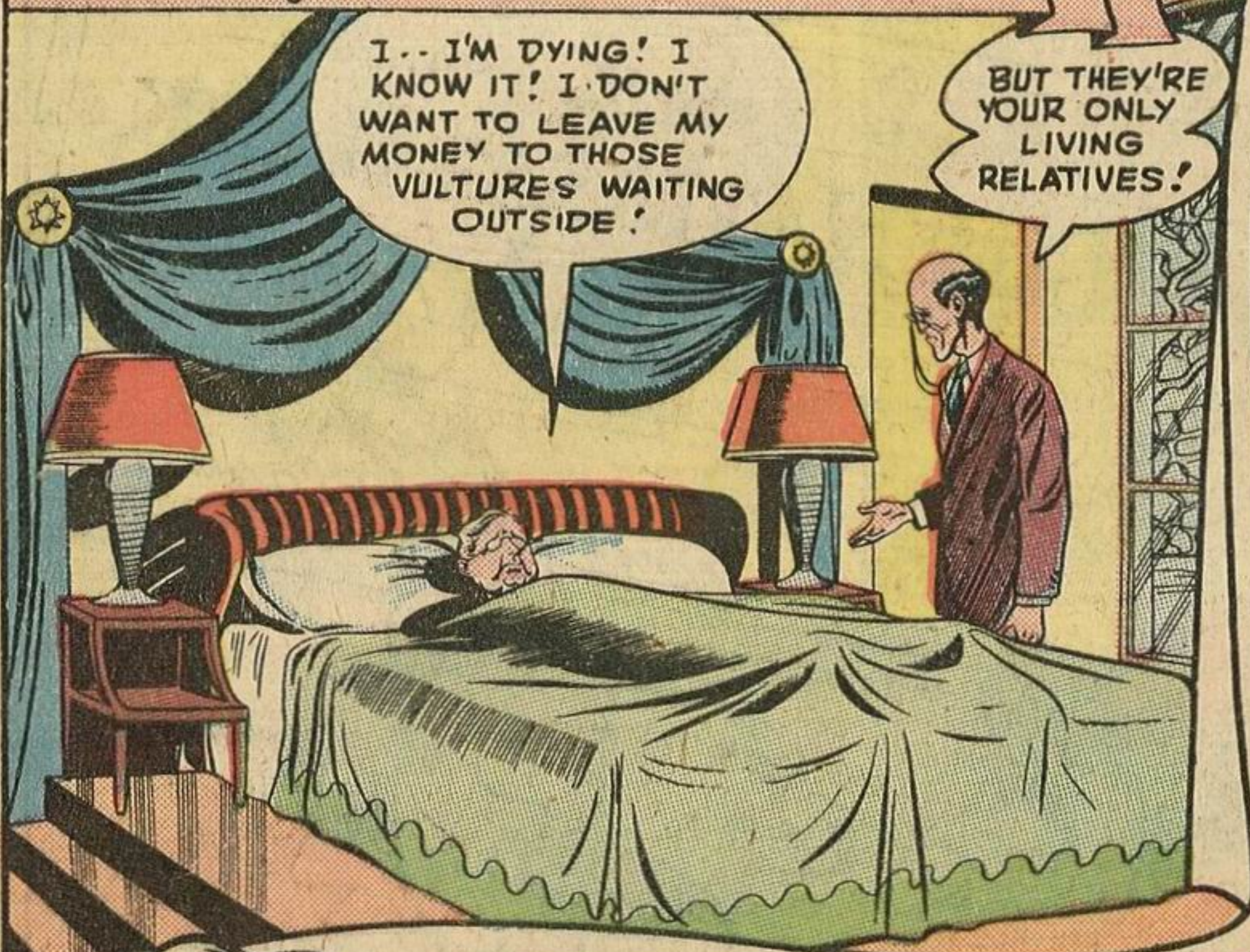




What is one million dollars? A lot of money...certainly! But more than that, it's a passport to pleasure, open-sesame to hidden dreams...and an invitation to violence and death! **THE DOLL MAN** discovers a few of the dangerous meanings a million dollars may possess, when he tangles with Flame Larsen! Human lives are in the balance, and the highest bidder is offering **MILLIONS FOR MURDER!**



As it must for all men, death comes for J.M. Kerrigan, multimillionaire....



I... I'M DYING! I KNOW IT! I DON'T WANT TO LEAVE MY MONEY TO THOSE VULTURES WAITING OUTSIDE!

BUT THEY'RE YOUR ONLY LIVING RELATIVES!

I HATE THEM! AND—AND THEY'VE ALWAYS HATED ME! ALL THEIR LIVES THEY'VE BEEN IMPATIENTLY WAITING FOR ME TO DIE!

YOU DON'T MEAN THAT, MR. KERRIGAN!



I KNOW IT, I TELL YOU! BUT I'VE FIGURED OUT A WAY TO CHEAT THEM! BEFORE I DIE, I'M GOING TO GIVE AWAY ALL MY MONEY!



BRING ME THE CITY DIRECTORY!

YES, MR. KERRIGAN!



I'M GOING TO CHOOSE THREE NAMES AT RANDOM... AND LEAVE THEM... ONE MILLION DOLLARS... A PIECE! YOU CAN DRAW UP... THE LEGAL PAPERS LATER... BROWNING!



THIS IS THE FIRST NAME!

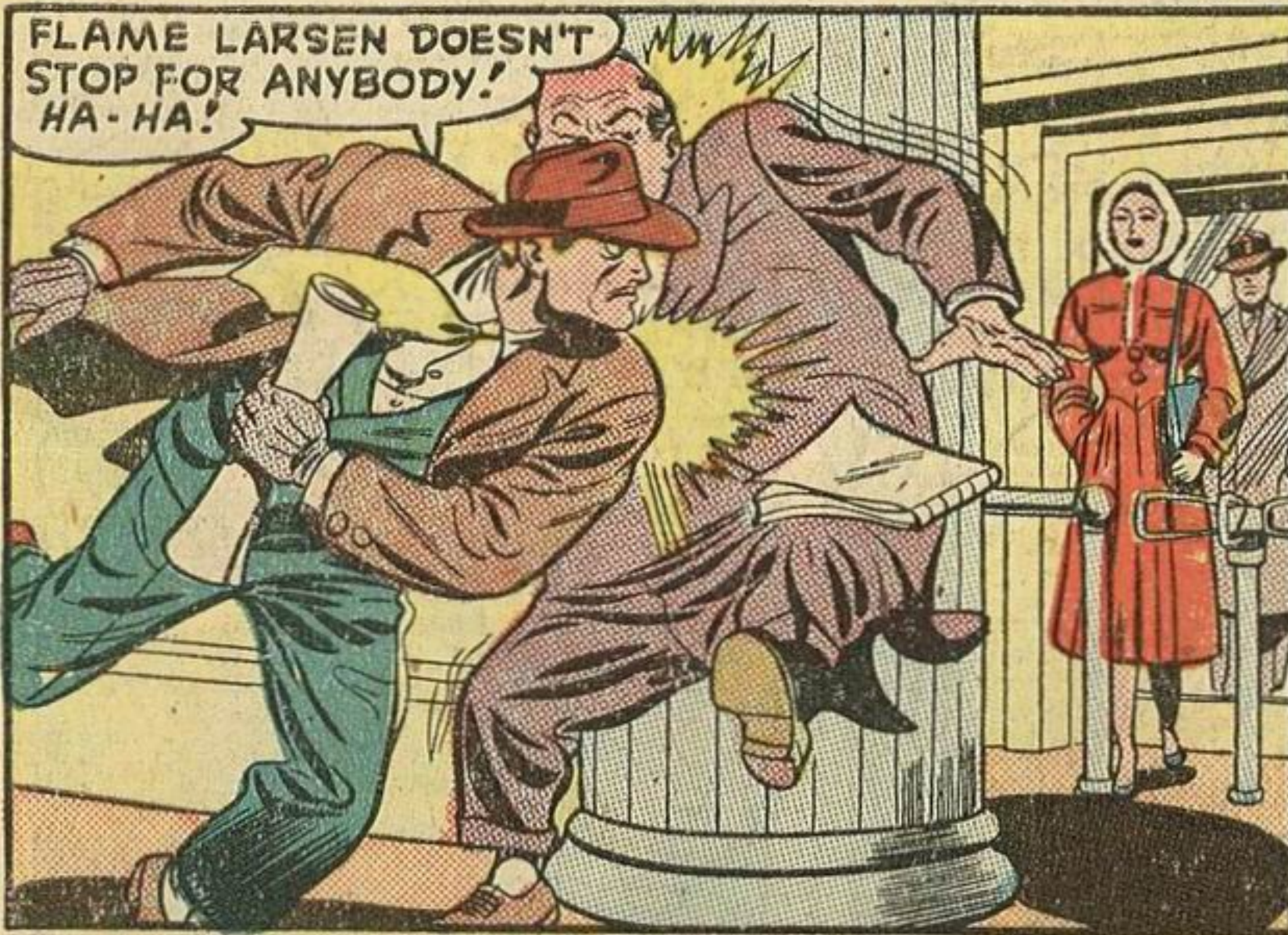
LARONOFF, MAX, 321 E. 41 MAPLE  
LARP, PETER, 723 WEST  
LARPE, HELEN, 91 ST. ANDR  
LARRY, JOHN, 371 B  
LARSA, HENRY, 371 B  
LARSH, FRANCIS, III  
LARSSON  
LASSIT  
LASSO  
LAWF  
LAZA  
LAIII

And this is Flame Larsen, soon-to-be millionaire...



STOP, THIEF! AGGHH!

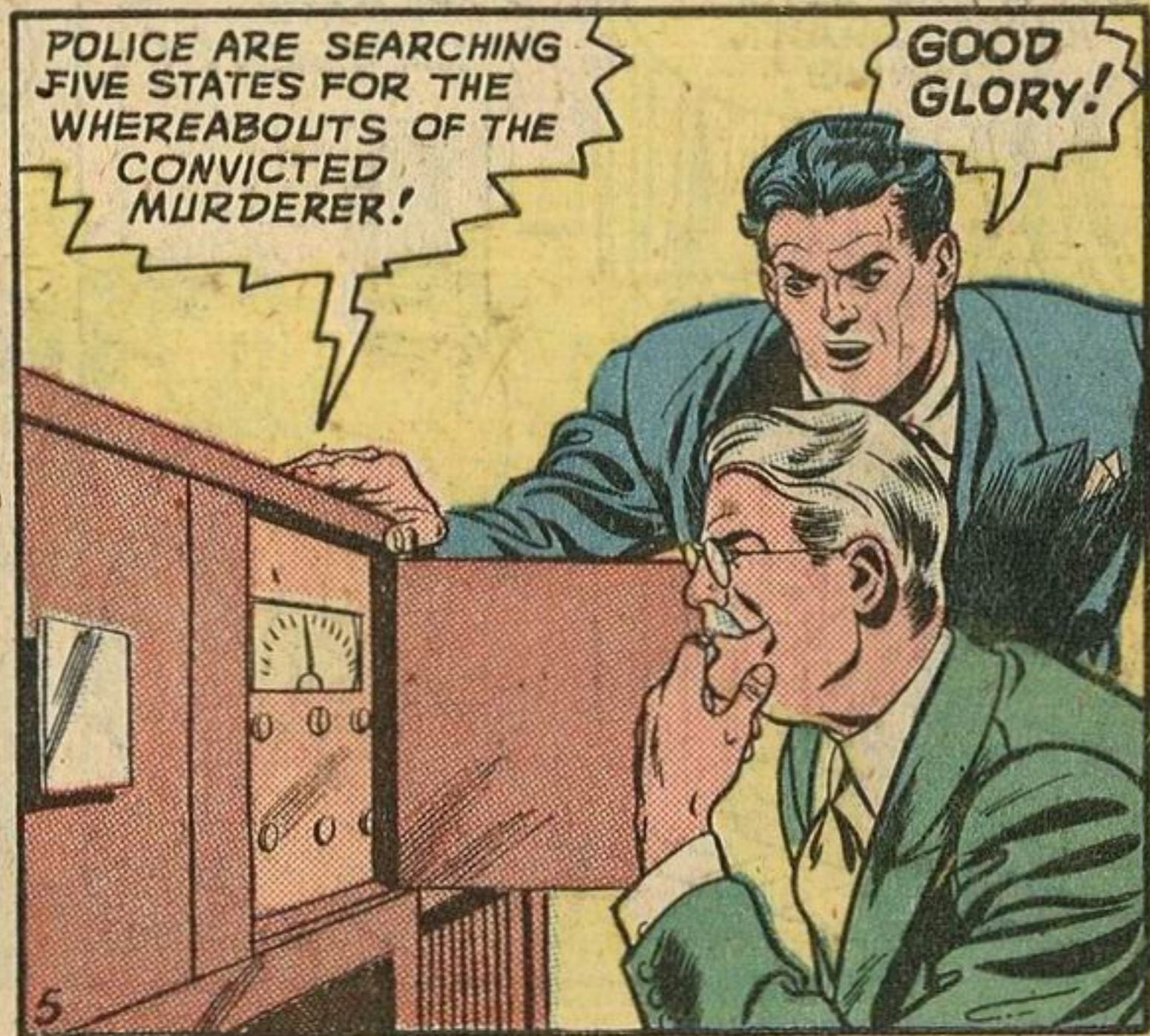
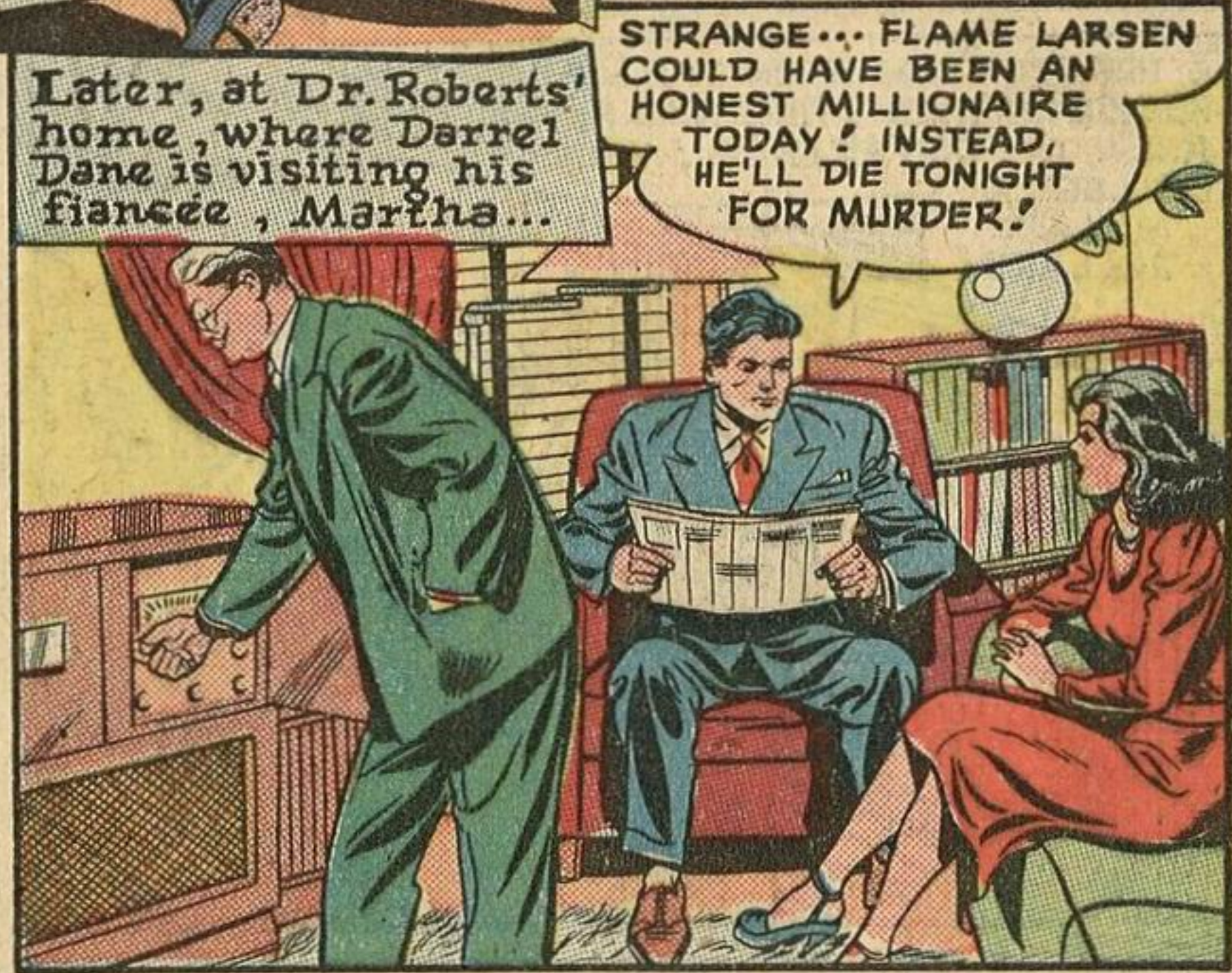




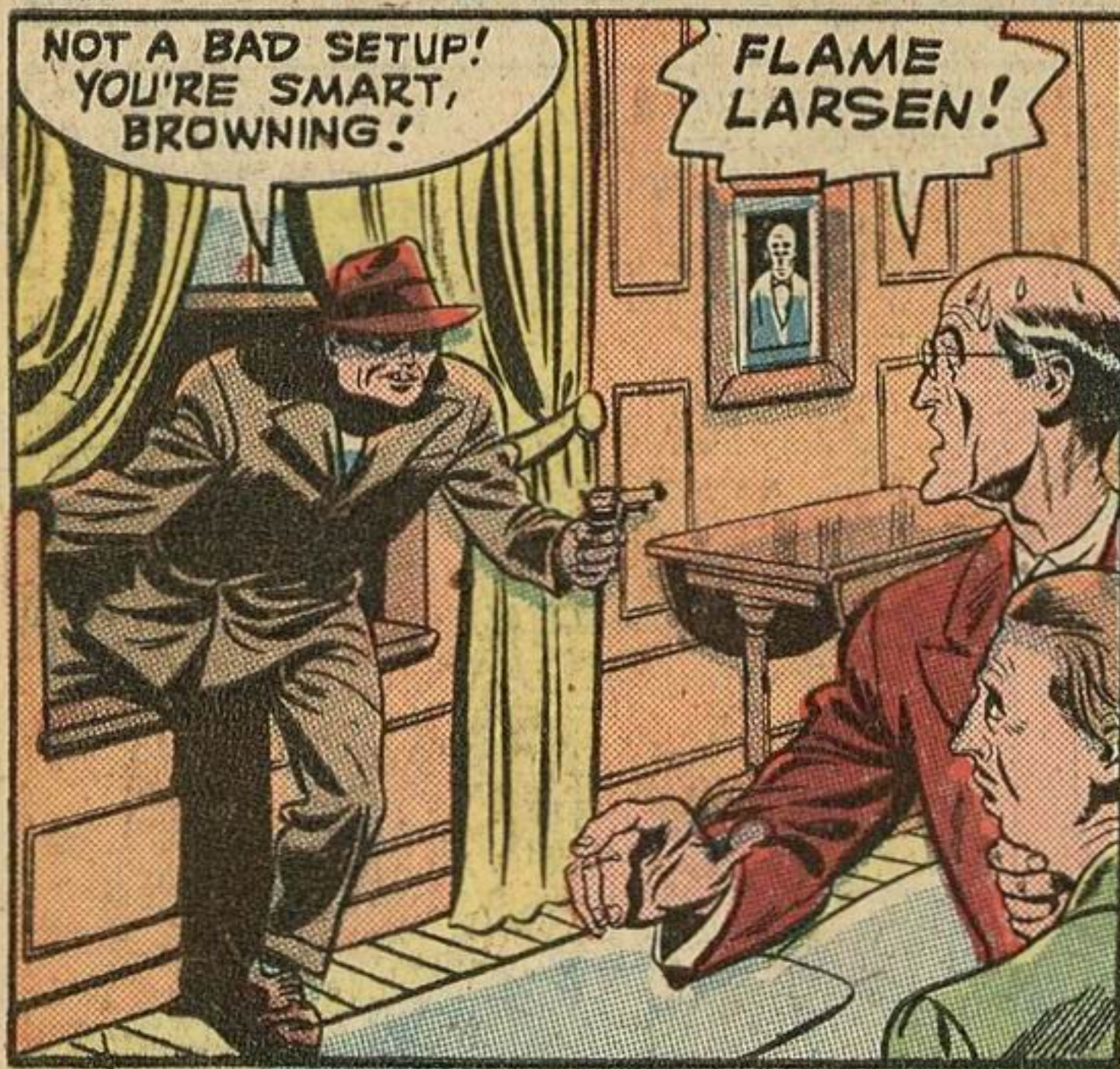
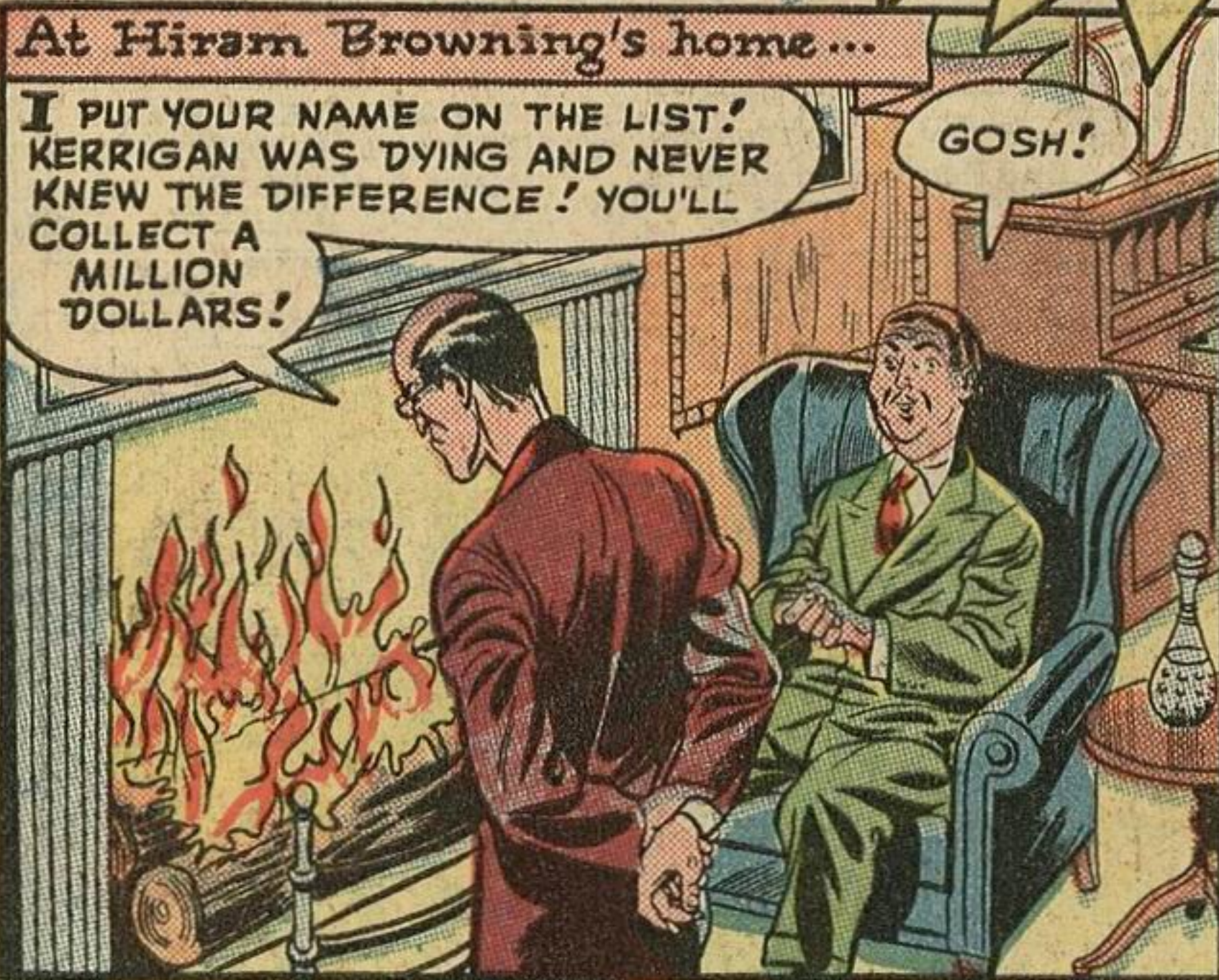




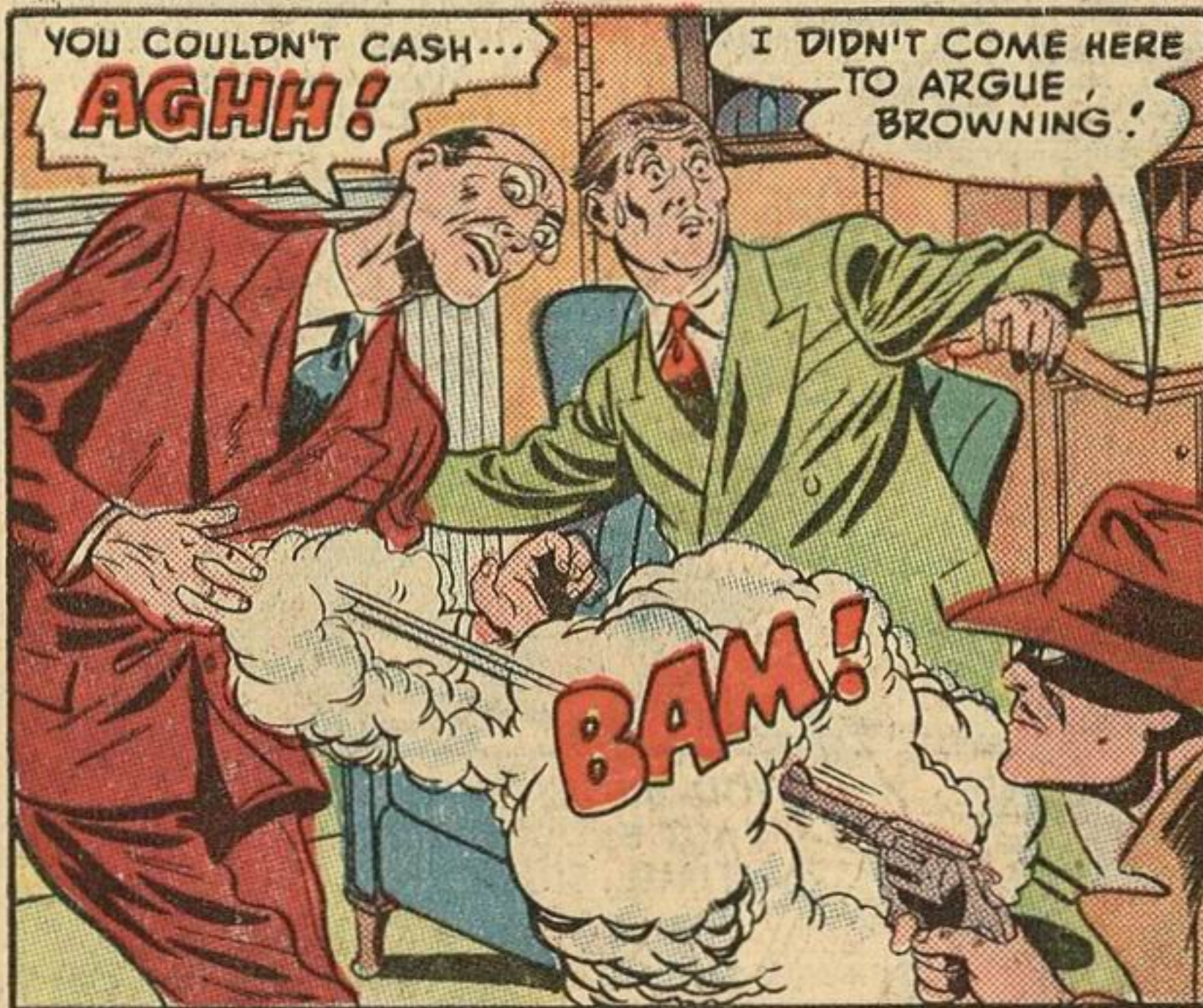








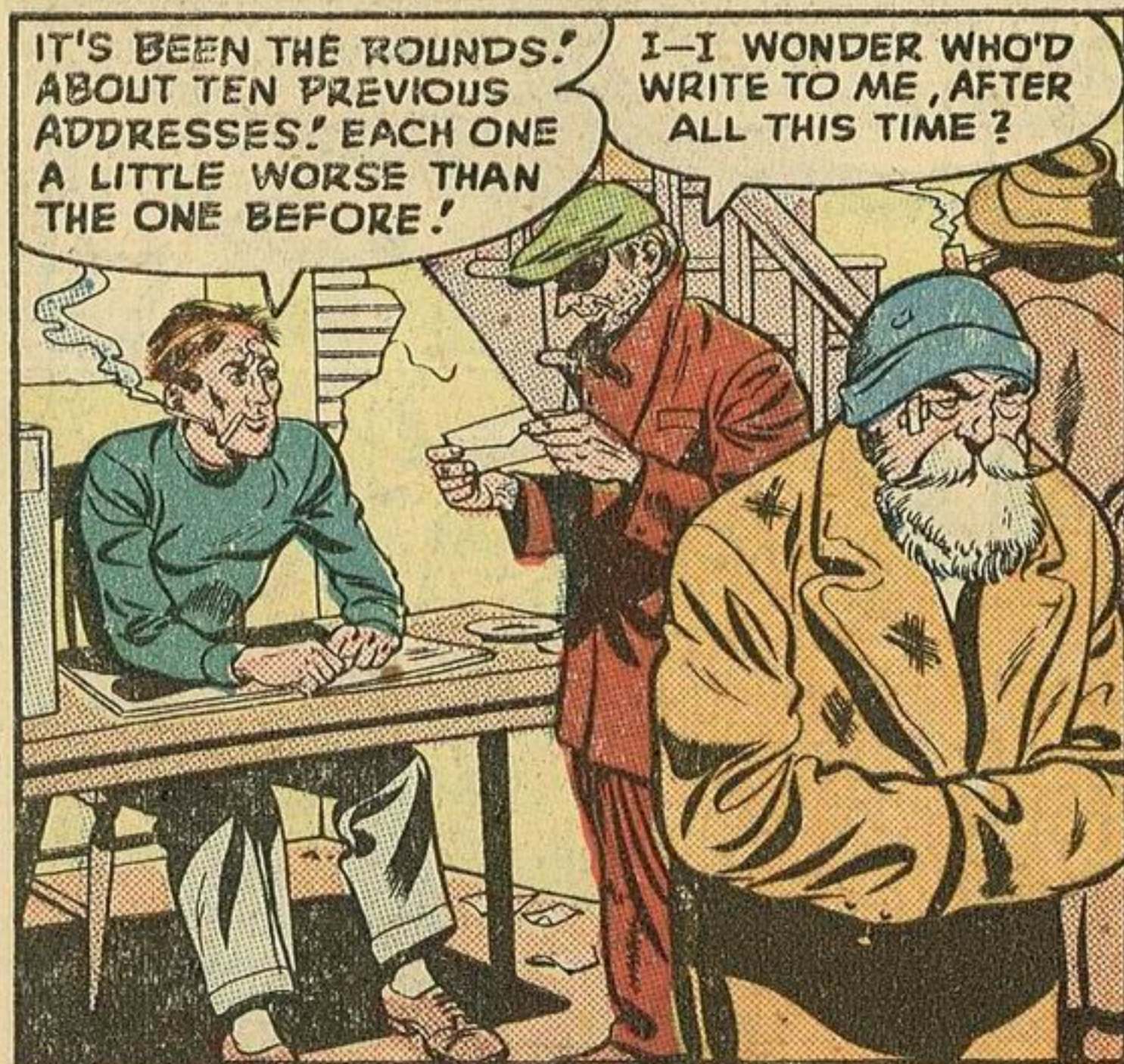
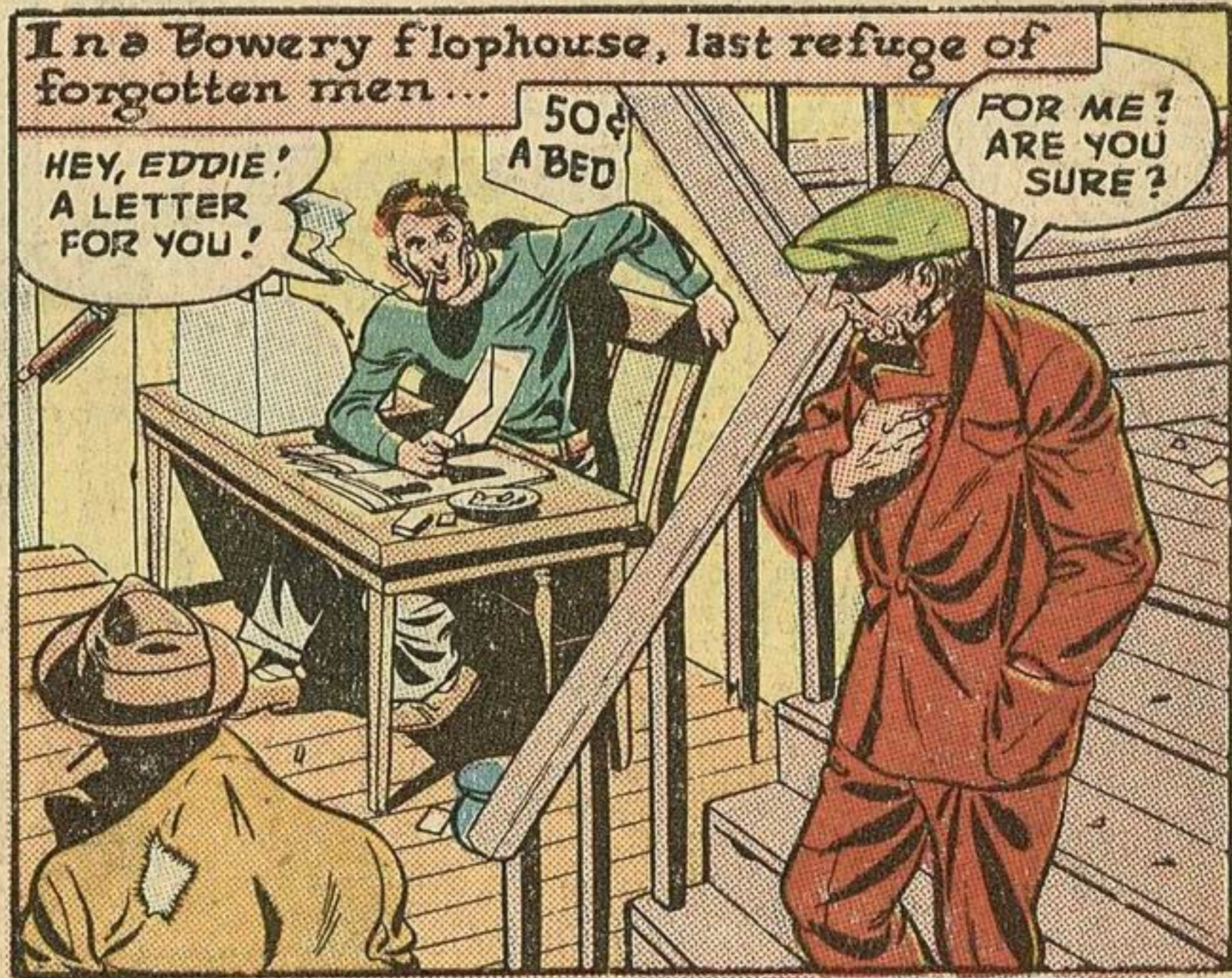
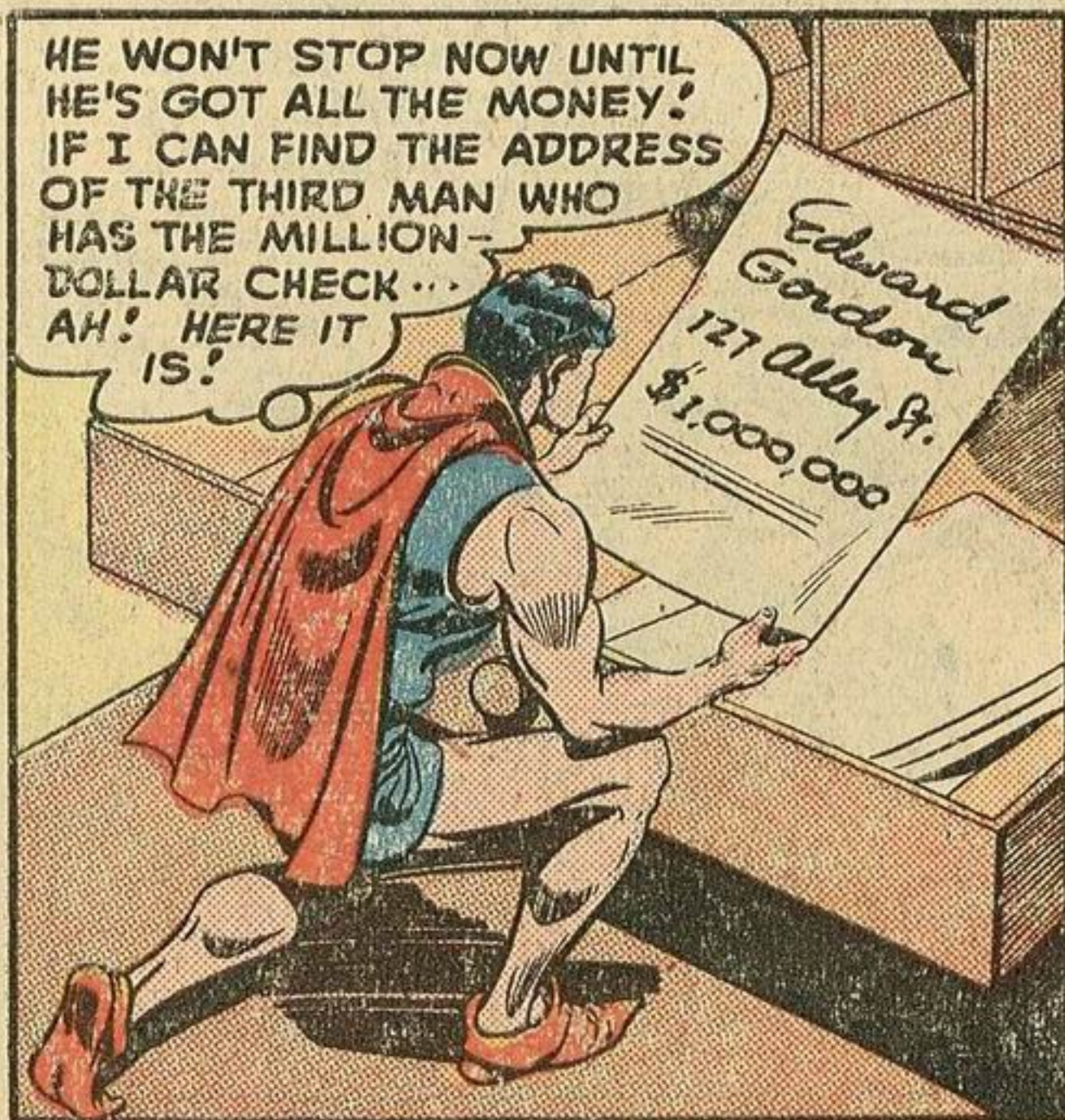
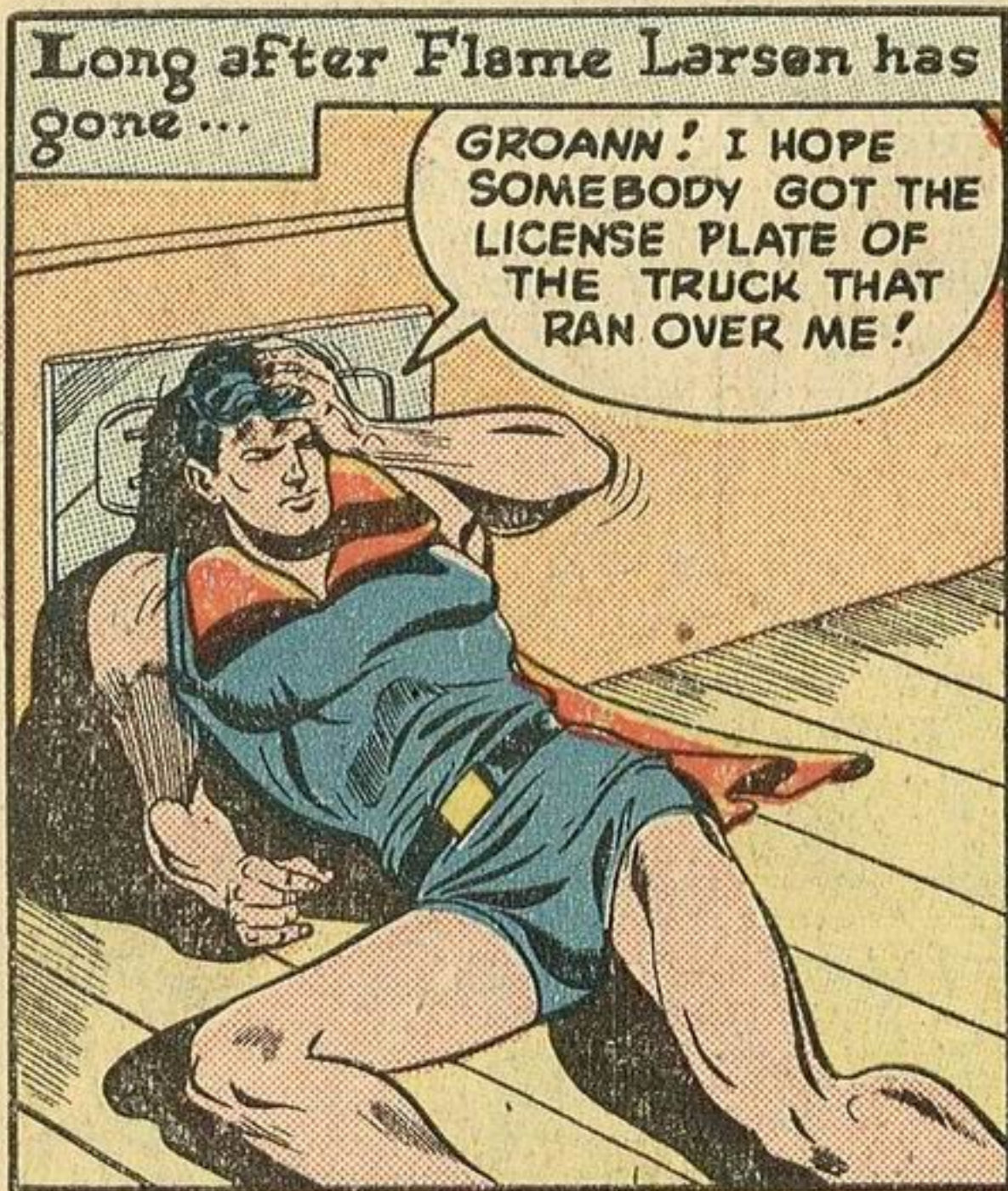




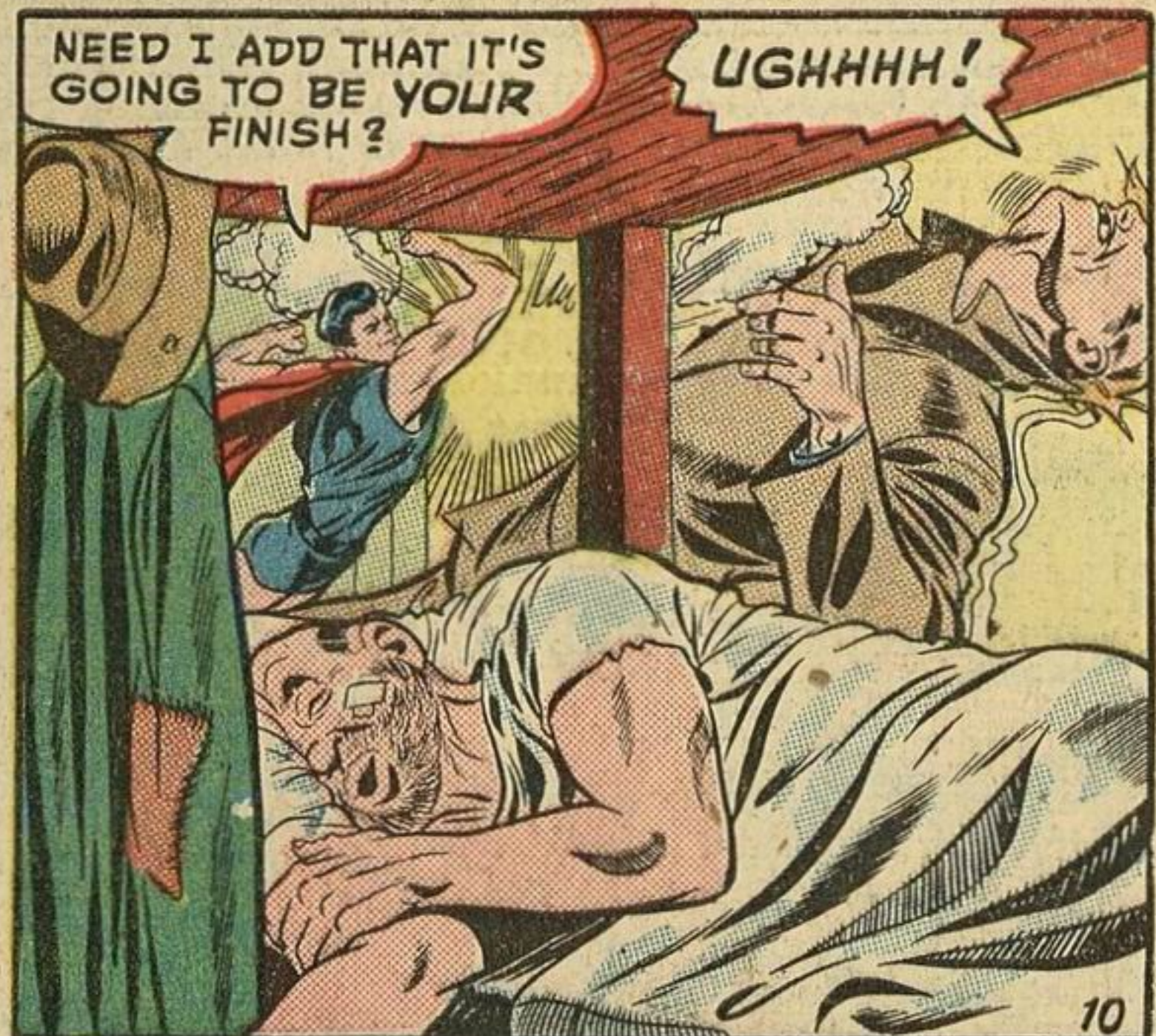
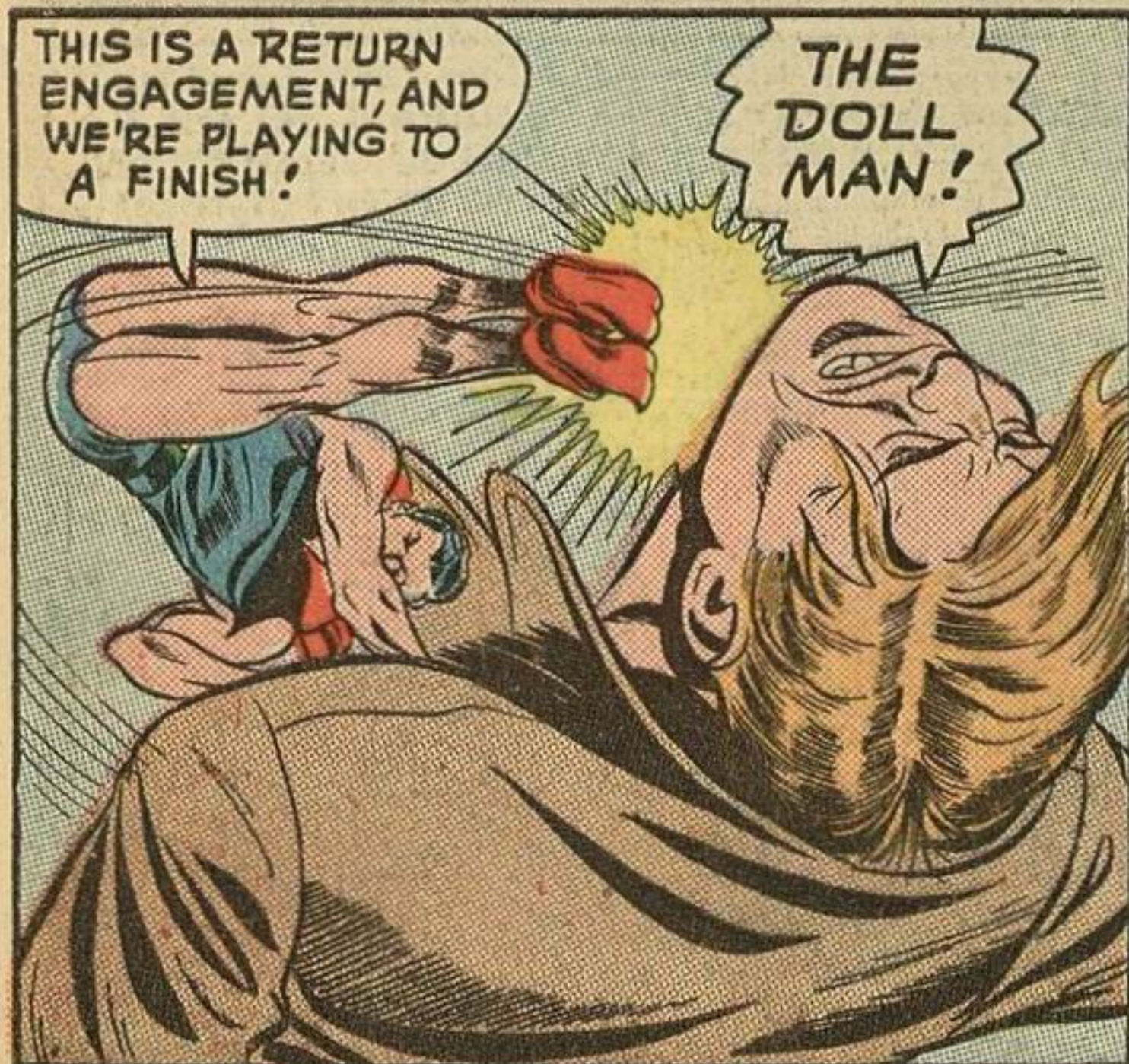




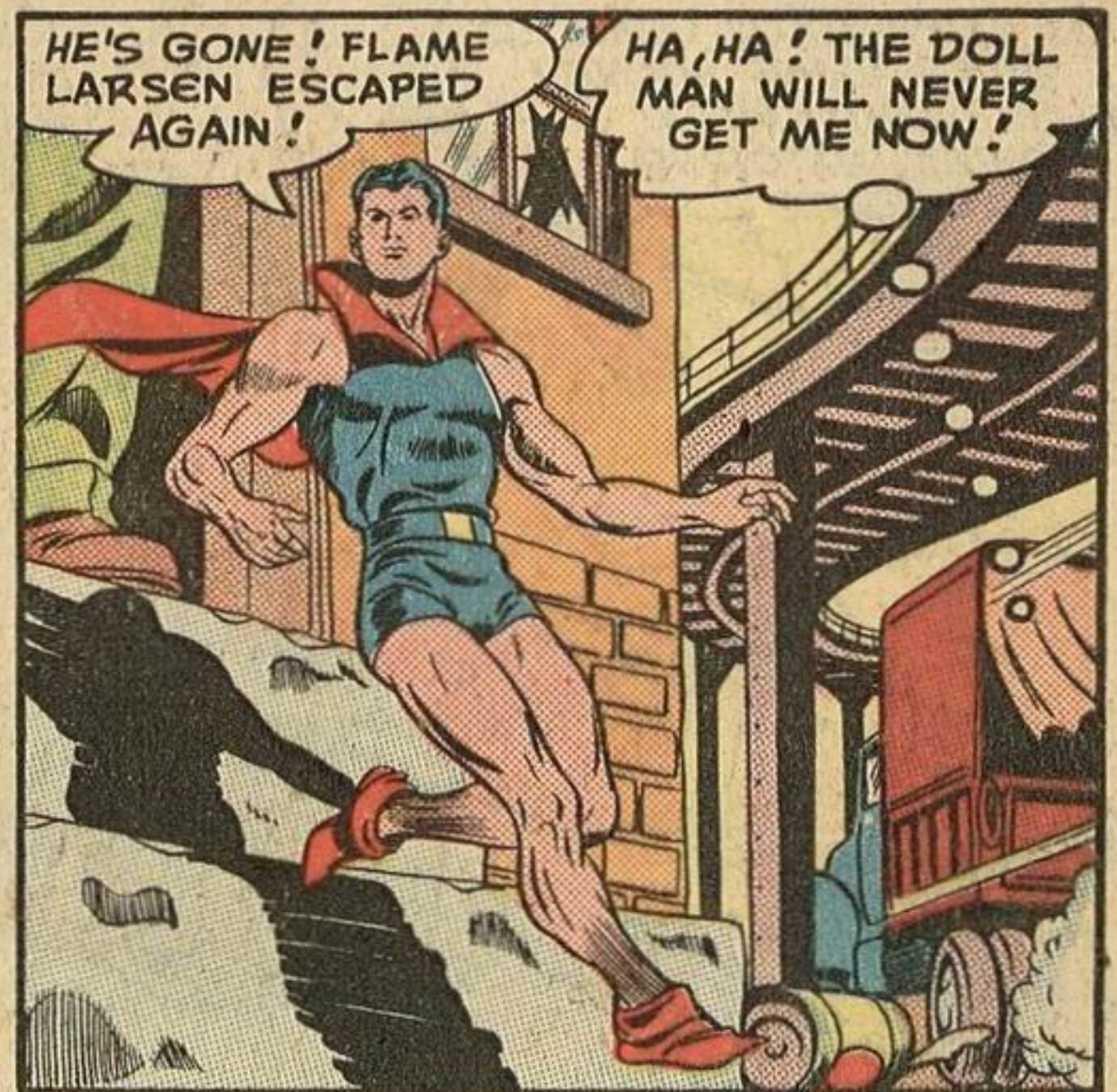




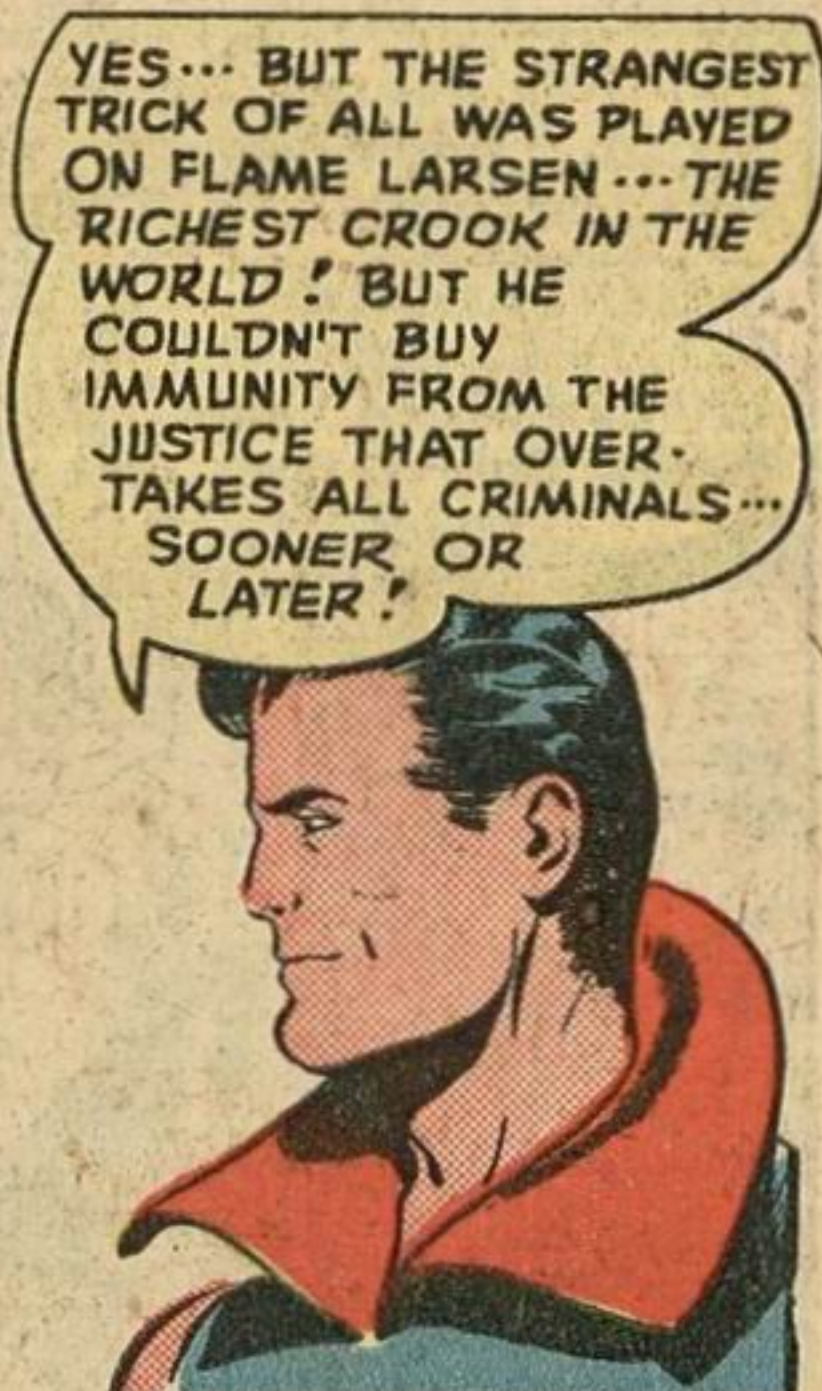






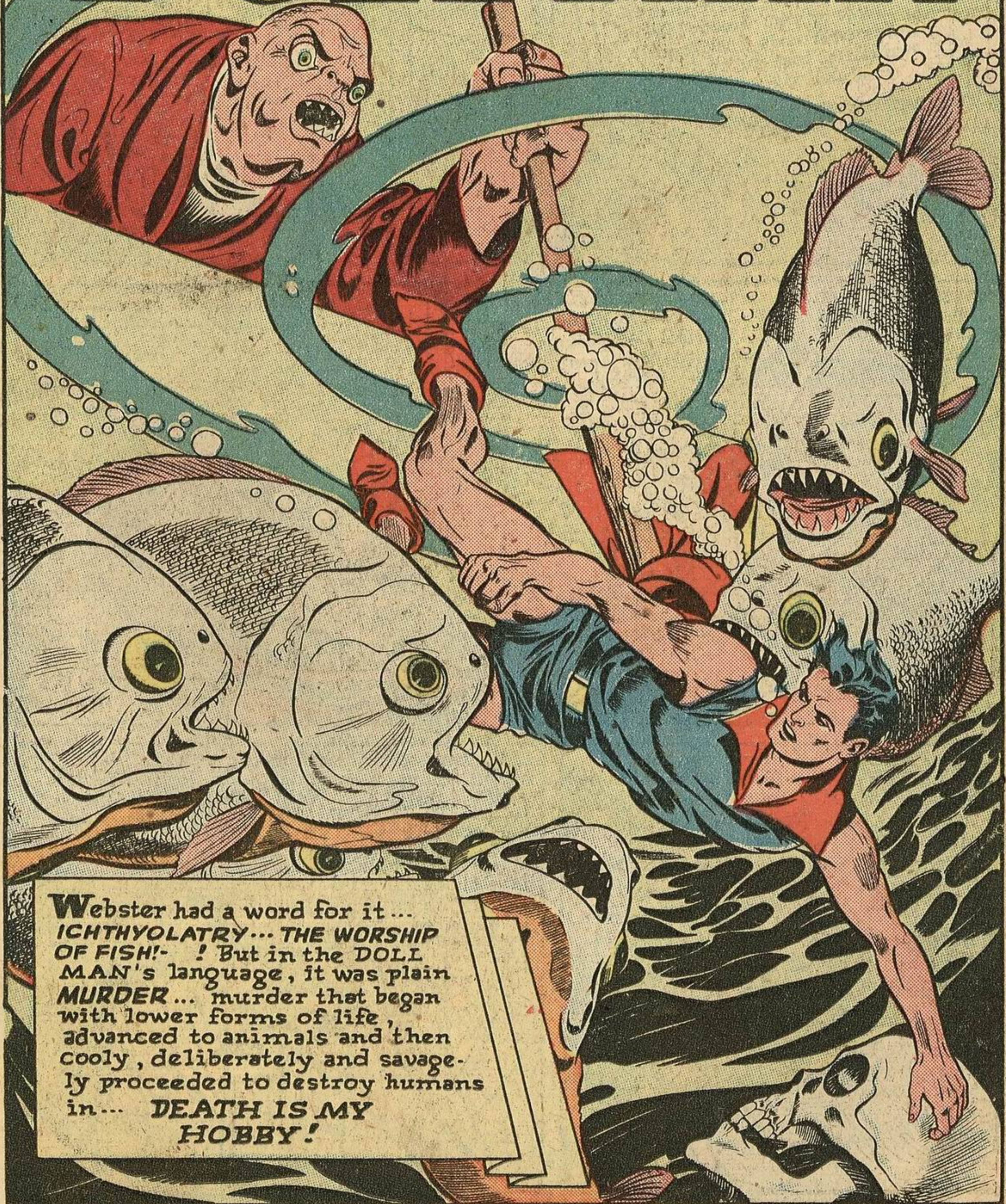








# THE DOLL MAN



Webster had a word for it...  
**ICHTHYOLATRY... THE WORSHIP  
OF FISH!** But in the DOLL  
MAN's language, it was plain  
**MURDER**... murder that began  
with lower forms of life,  
advanced to animals and then  
coolly, deliberately and savage-  
ly proceeded to destroy humans  
in... **DEATH IS MY  
HOBBY!**



Darrel Dane visits the aquarium, accompanied by Martha Roberts, his fiancée, and her father....

GENUS: PIRANHAS. HABITAT: SOUTH AMERICAN RIVERS AND STREAMS

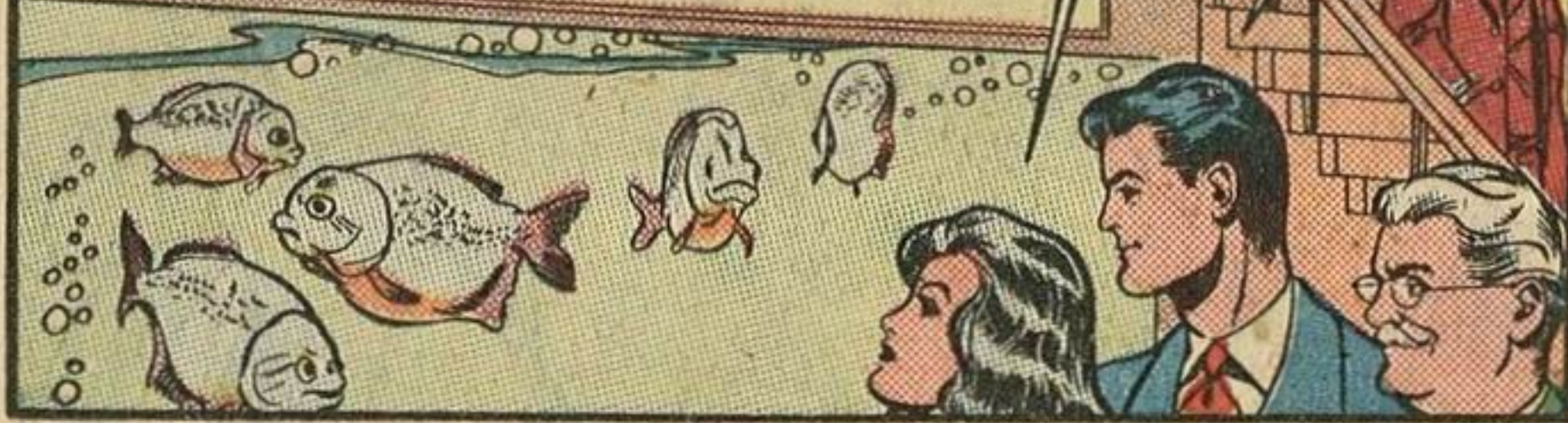
These notoriously voracious killers attack their quarry in swarms at watering holes or fords and leave nothing but bones in a matter of seconds!

HOW HORRIBLE ... AND YET THEY'RE SO TINY!

NATURE SHUT HER EYES WHEN SHE CREATED THOSE LITTLE MONSTERS!

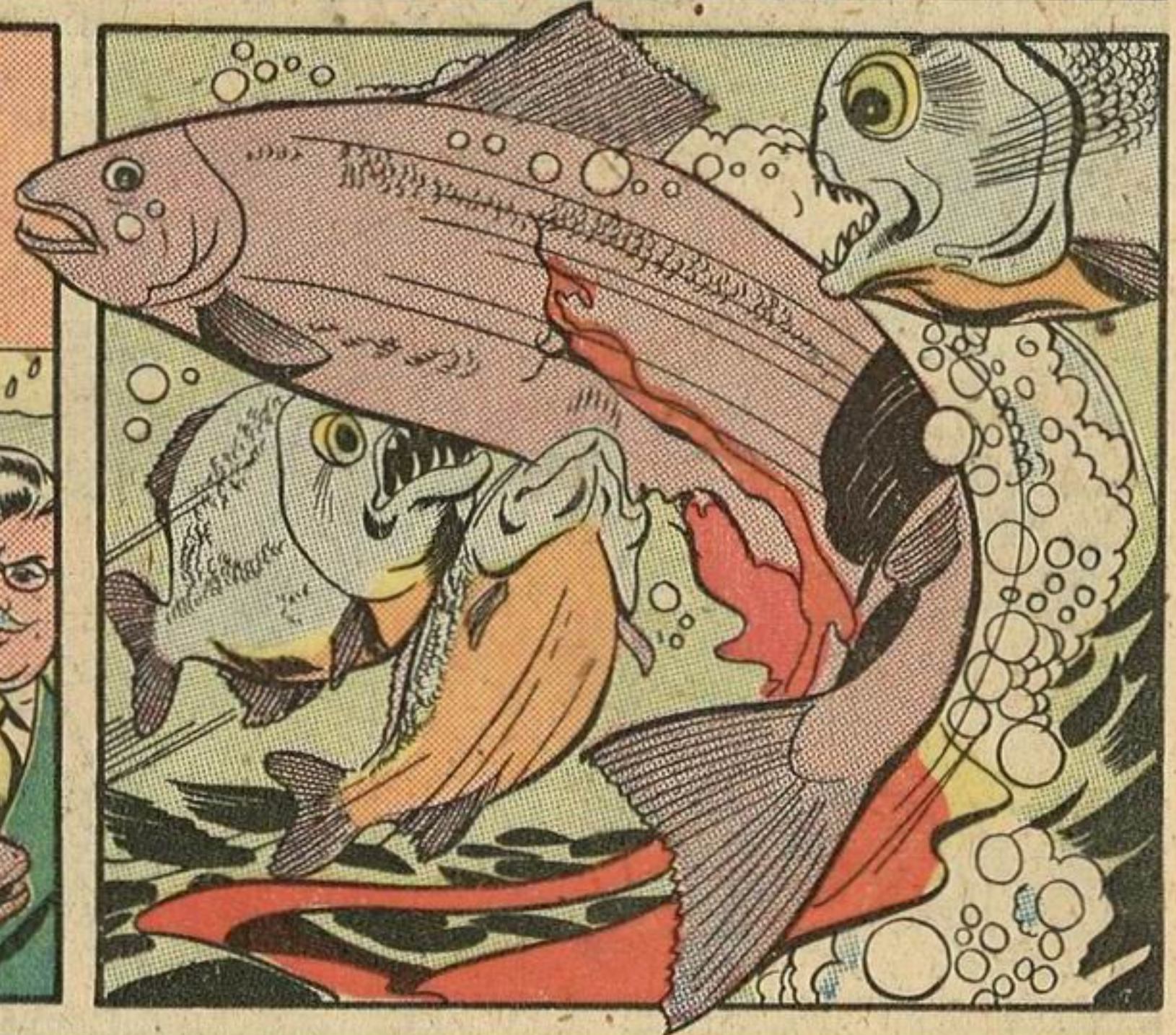
I GUESS WE'VE SEEN EVERYTHING NOW! LET'S GO, DARREL!

WAIT A MINUTE! THE KILLERS ARE GOING TO BE FED! THIS SHOULD BE INTERESTING!



BY GEORGE! THEY'RE FEEDING THEM A LIVE SALMON!

IT'S FANTASTIC! THAT SALMON IS MUCH LARGER THAN THE PIRANHA!



OH, IT'S TOO GRUESOME TO WATCH! THE LITTLE CANNIBALS!

NOT A PRETTY SIGHT, I MUST ADMIT!



LET'S TAKE A CAB HOME, DAD!

NOW WHAT WOULD TWO HOODS LIKE TIPPY GRAHAM AND ROCKY LYNCH BE DOING AROUND AN AQUARIUM?







YOU TWO RUN ALONG! I HAVE A PRESSING ENGAGEMENT IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD!

DARREL DANE, ONE OF THESE DAYS I'M GOING TO FORGET AN ENGAGEMENT --- YOURS AND MINE!



THE JOINT'S LOCKED UP, TIPPY! WE'LL HAVE TO CRASH THE GATE!

THOSE HOODLUMS ARE UP TO MISCHIEF!

IT'S TIME FOR THE DOLL MAN TO JOIN THE FESTIVITIES!



With a mighty effort of will, Darrel Dane starts the cosmic process of concentration which will turn him into the DOLL MAN!



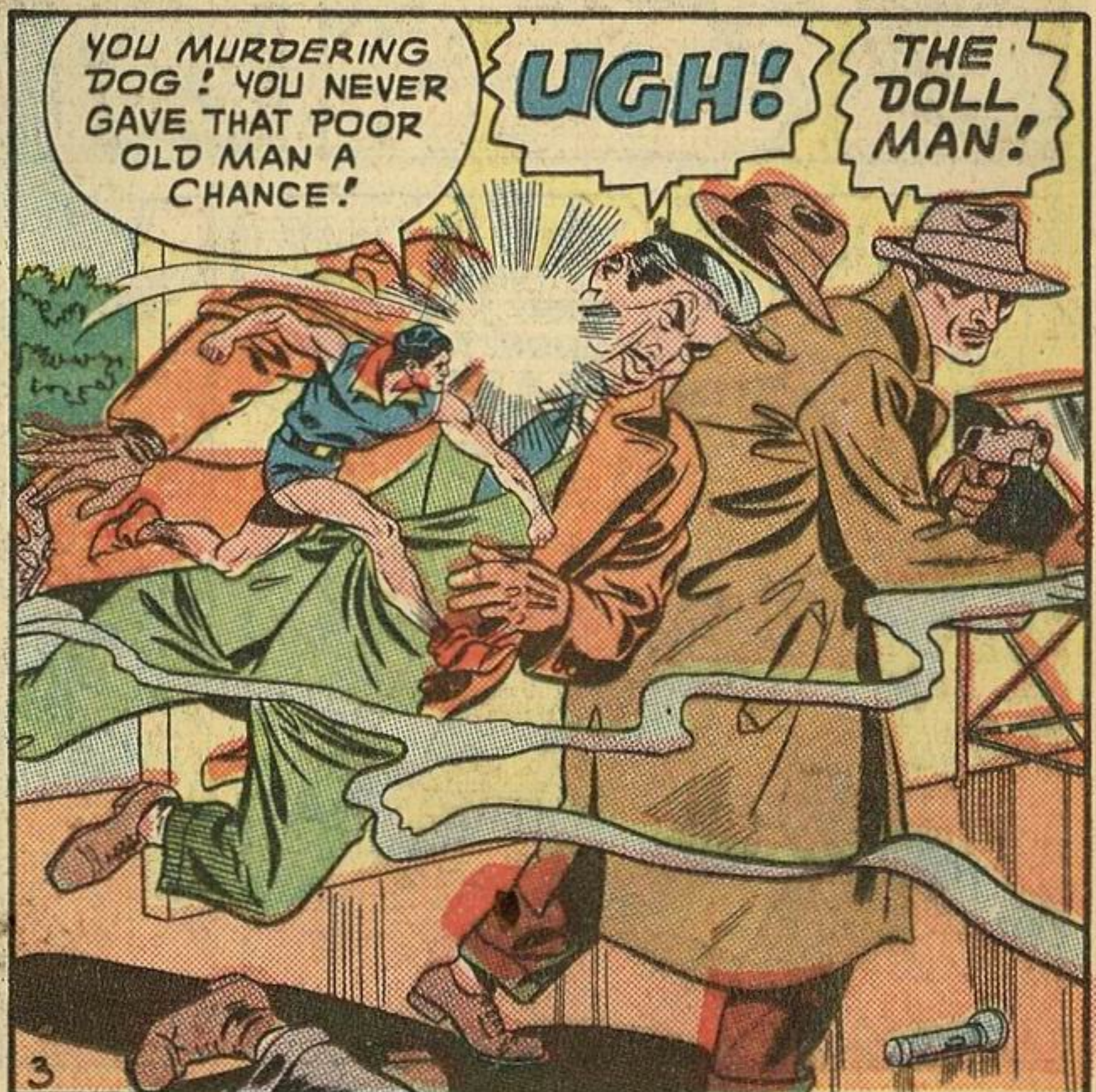
I'M SORRY, GENTLEMEN, BUT THE AQUARIUM IS CLOSED TO VISITORS!

WE AIN'T GENTLEMEN AND WE AIN'T VISITORS! SHOVE OVER, GRANDPA!



B-BUT... AYIIII!

TSK, TSK! YOU WALKED RIGHT INTO IT, POP!

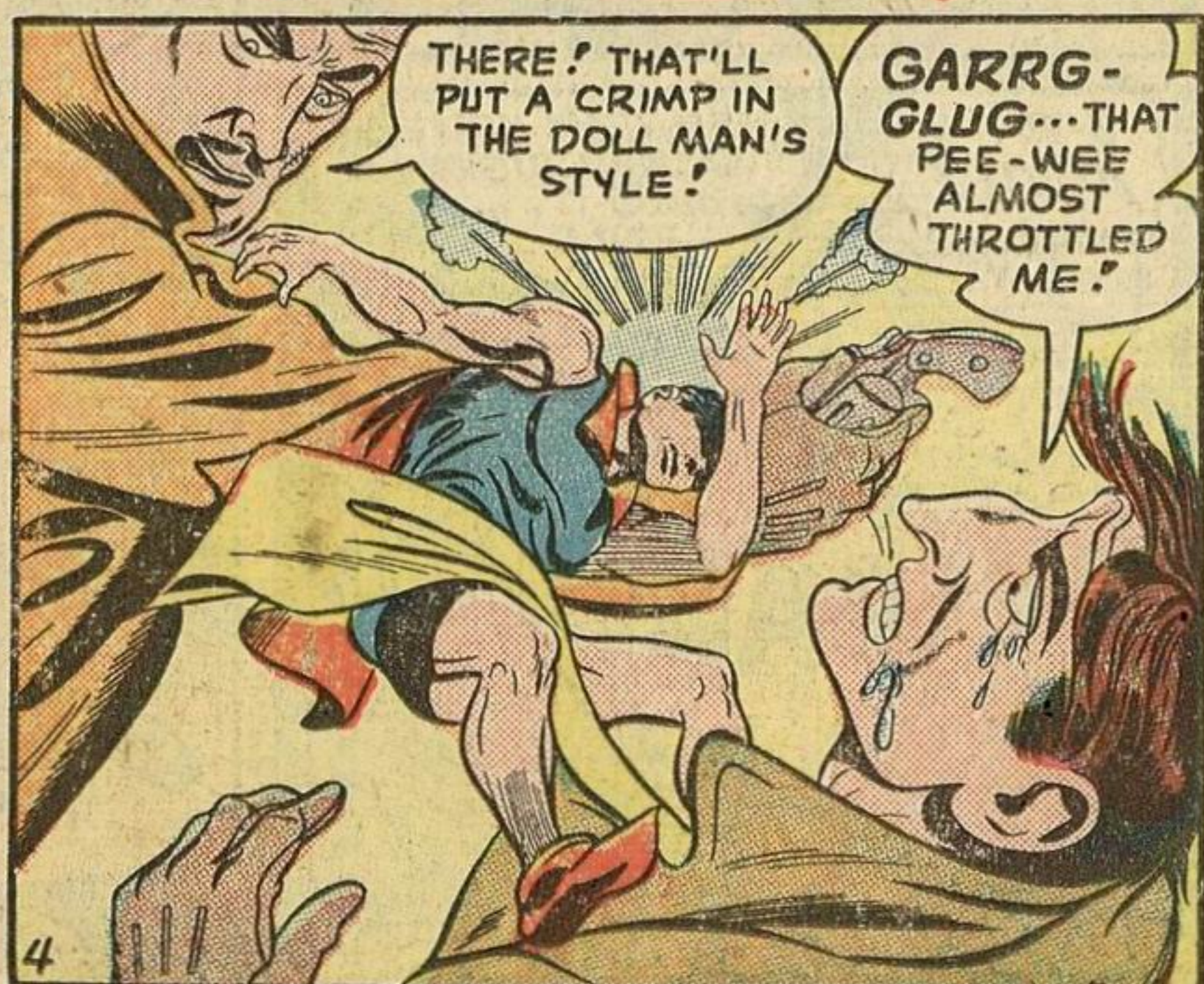
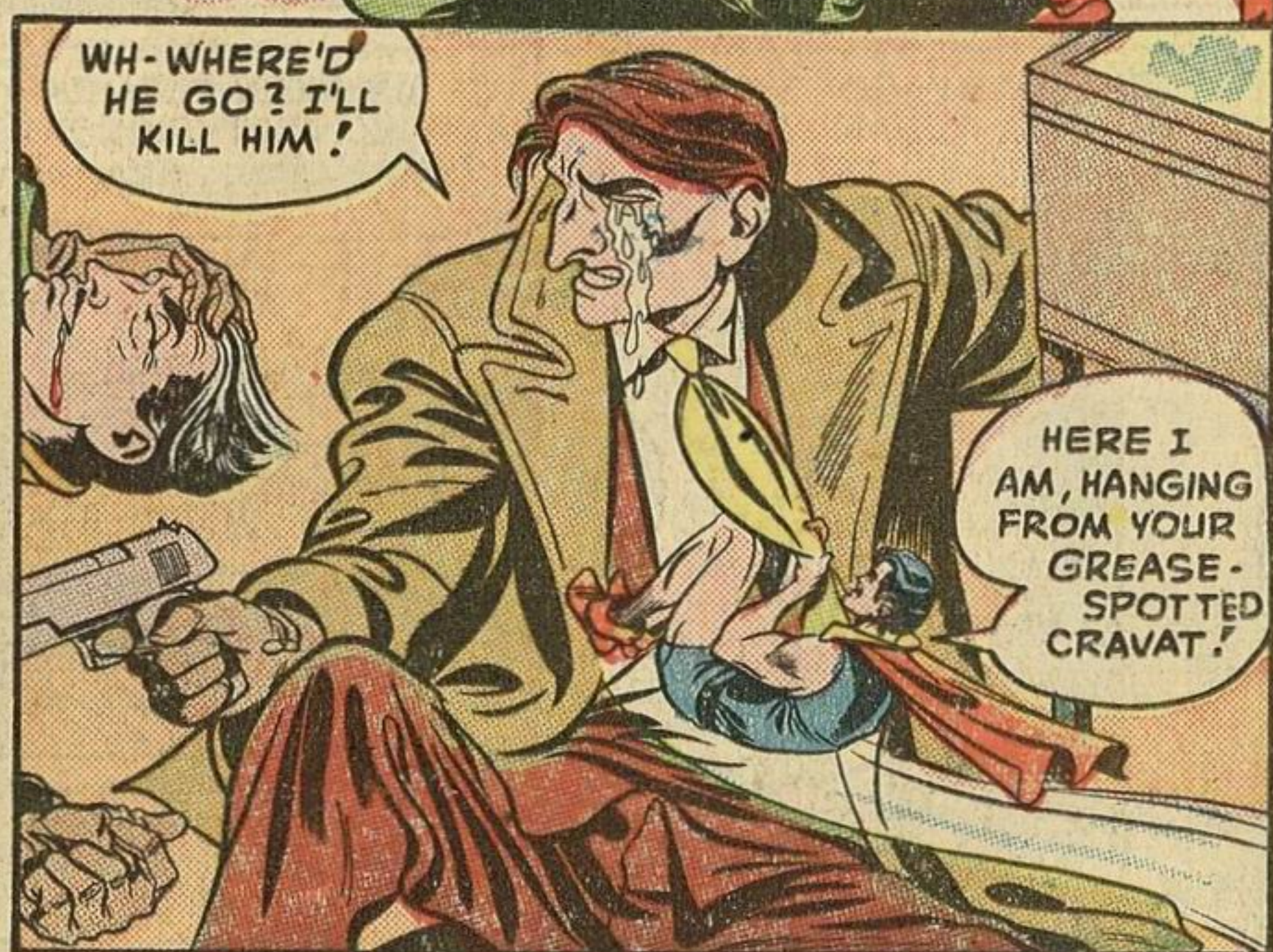


YOU MURDERING DOG! YOU NEVER GAVE THAT POOR OLD MAN A CHANCE!

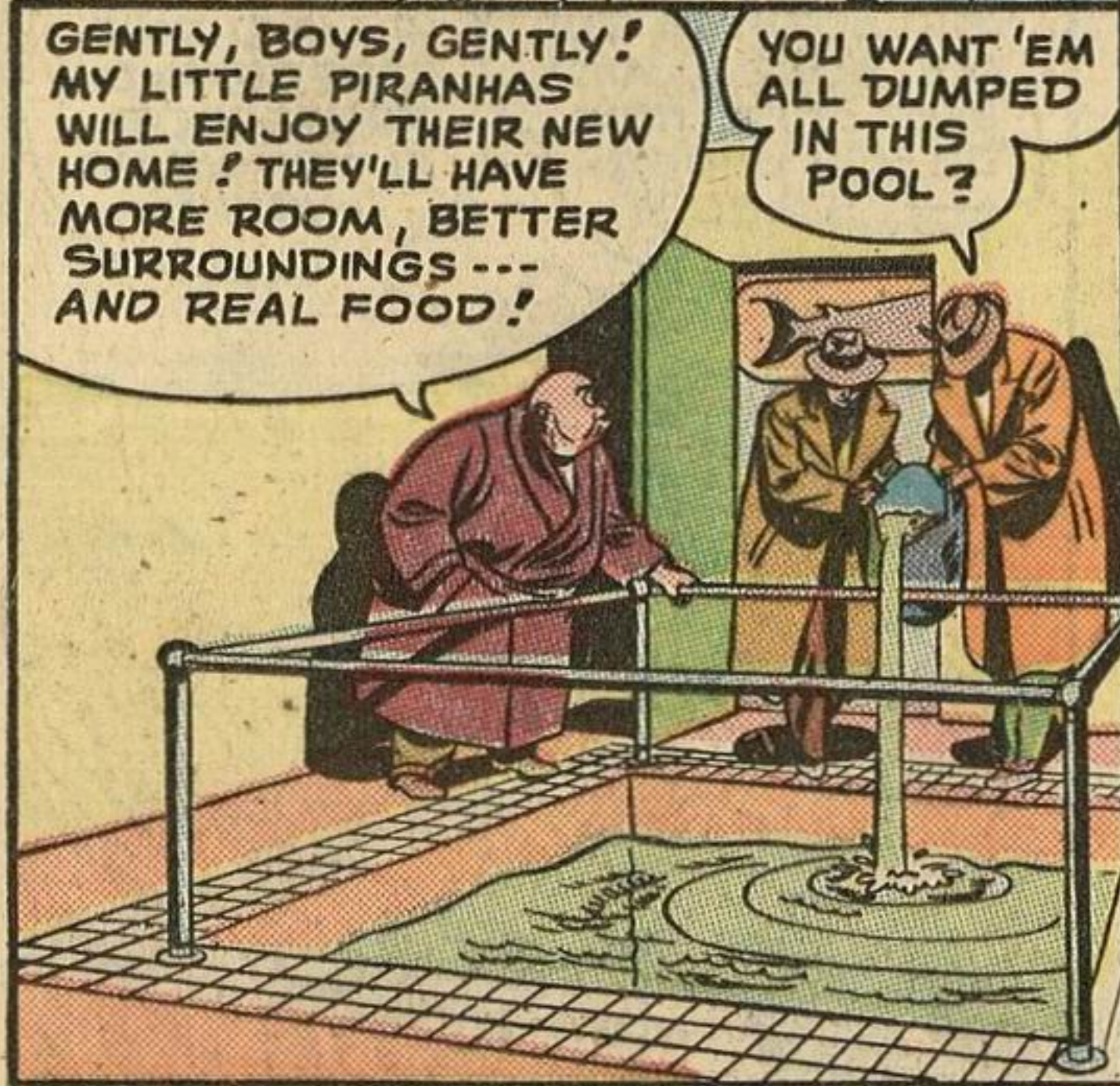
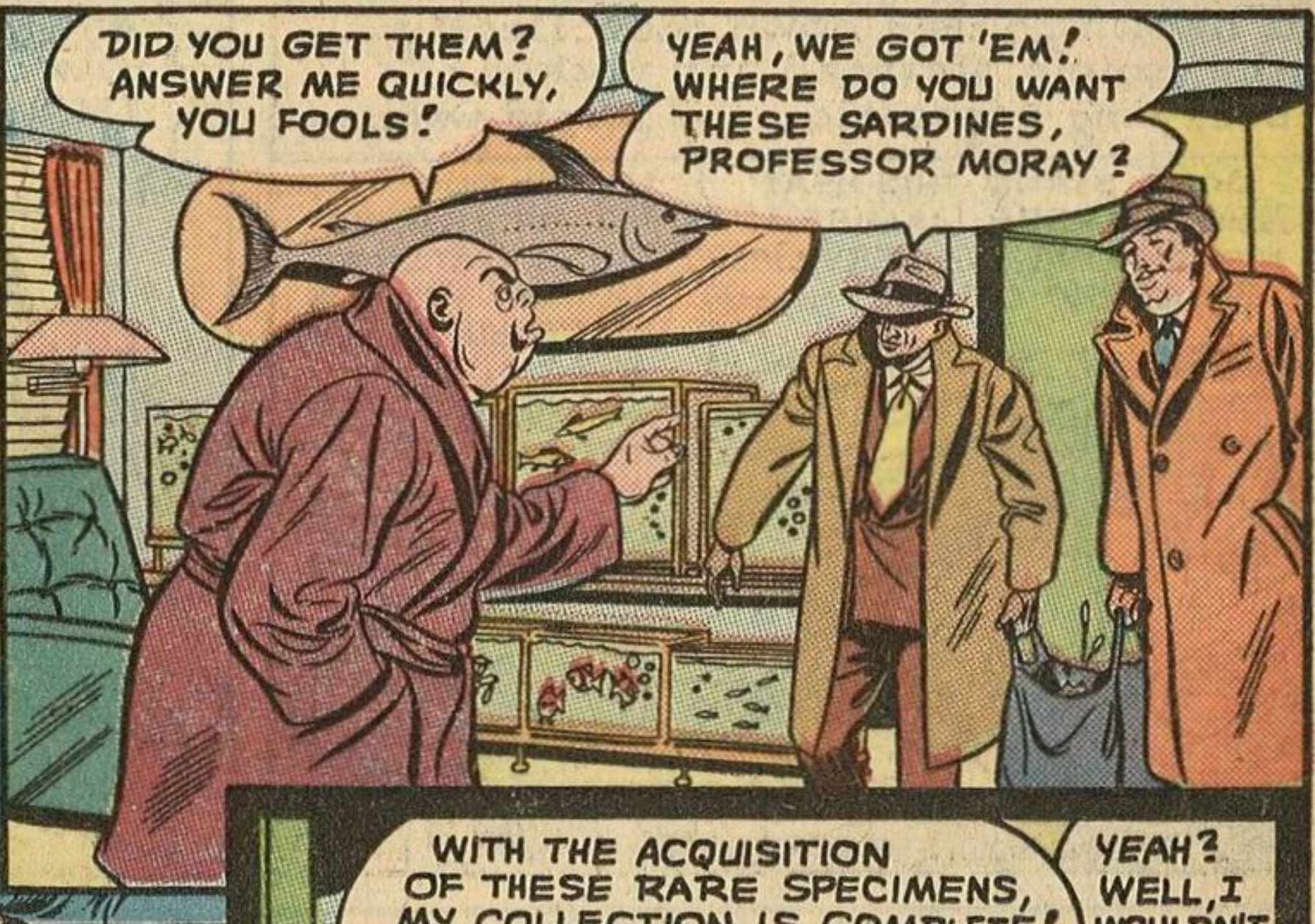
UGH!

THE DOLL MAN!

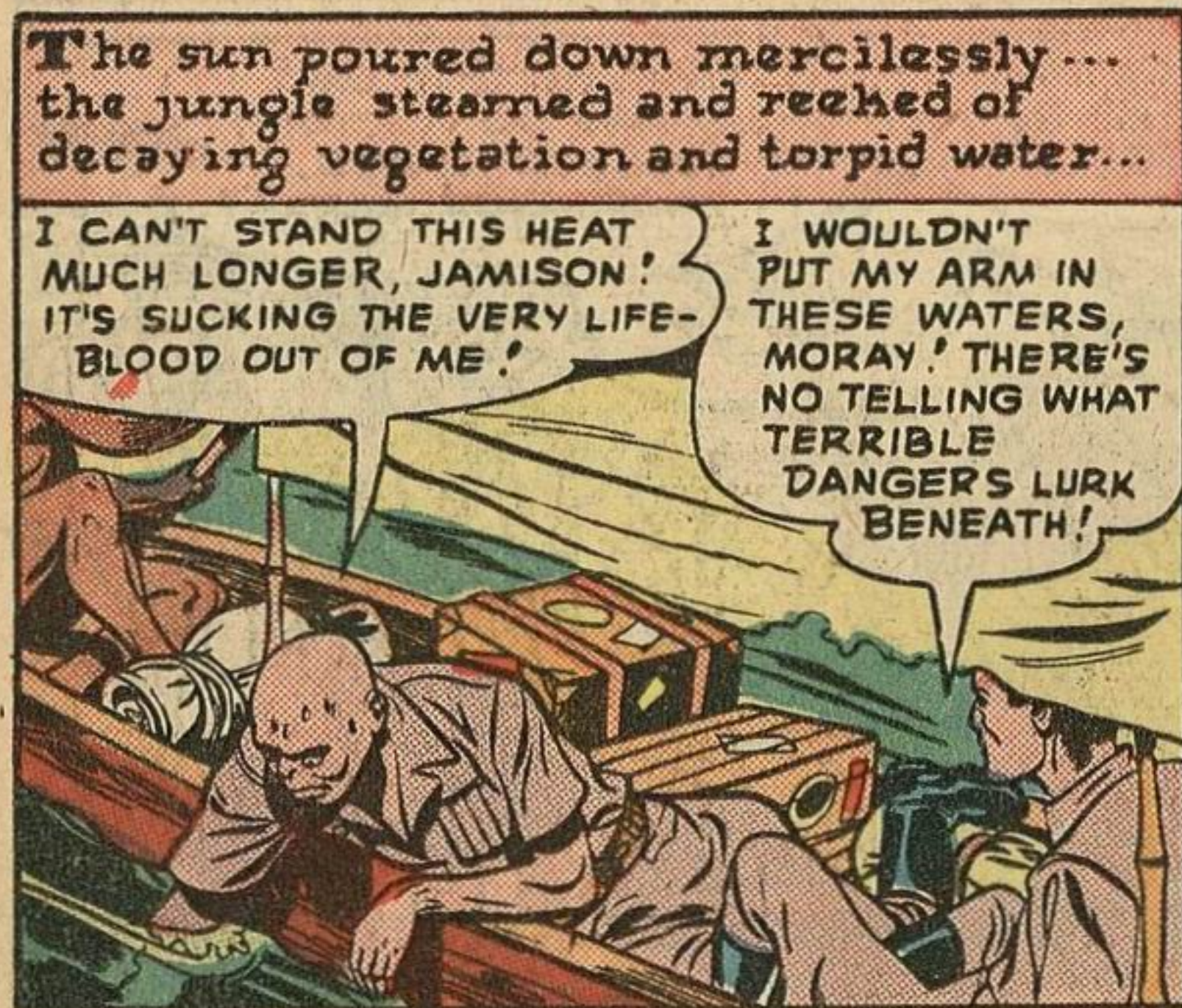
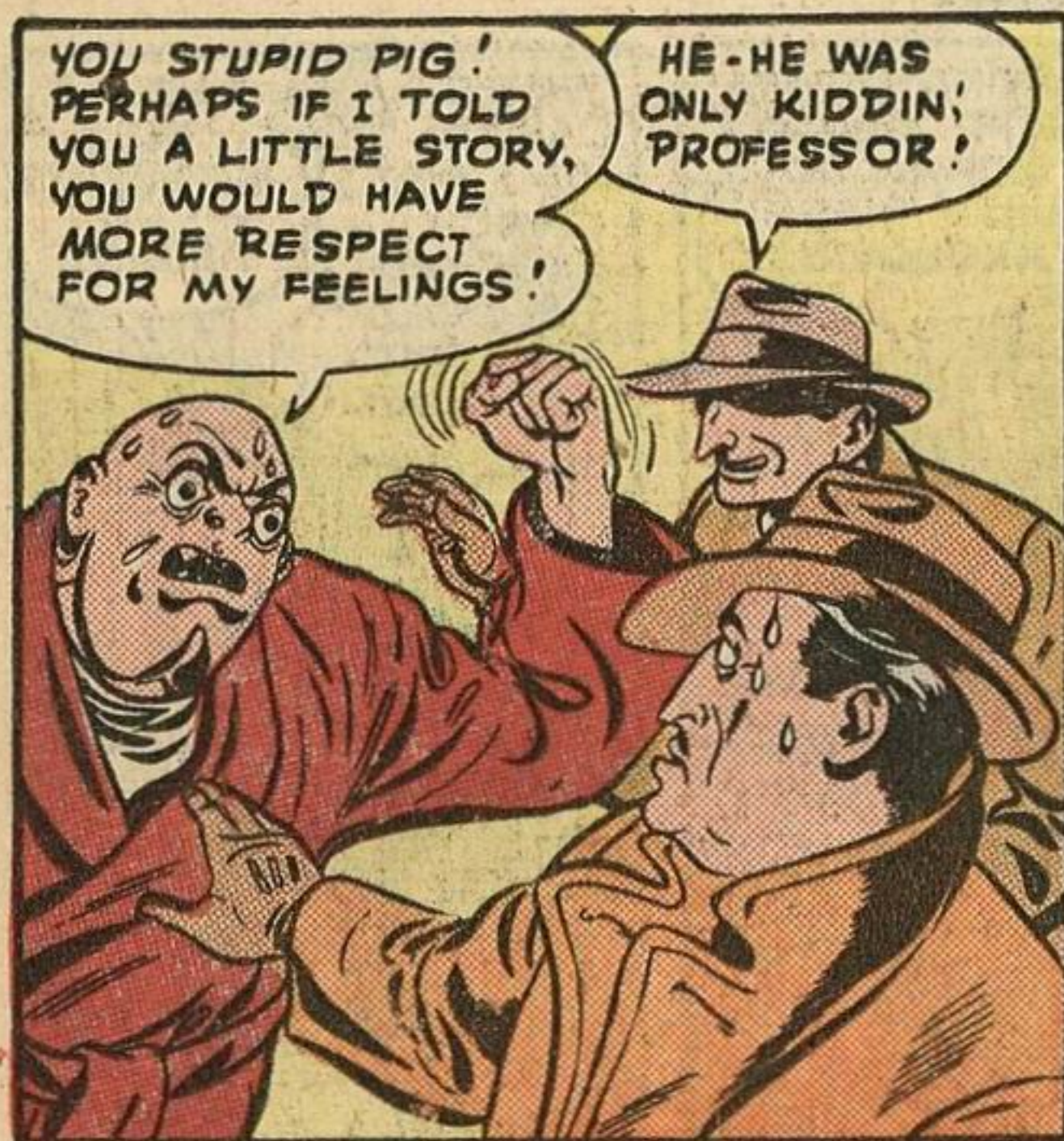














SINCE THAT TIME, FISH HAVE BEEN AN OBSESSION WITH ME! NOT ORDINARY FISH, BUT **FLESH EATING FISH!** AND THAT'S OUR NEXT PROBLEM, BOYS!

YOU MEAN FEEDING 'EM, EH? WELL, GIVE US OUR ORDERS, PROFESSOR!

YOU MUST UNDERSTAND THAT THE PIRANHAS ARE NOT SCAVENGERS! IN A SENSE, THEY ARE EPICURES OF GOOD MEAT...LIVE MEAT IN PARTICULAR!

I THINK WE GOTCHA, PROFESSOR!



Later that day....

IT'S FANTASTIC, DARREL! WHAT POSSIBLE MOTIVE COULD THEY HAVE? SURELY THERE IS NO MARKET FOR LIVE PIRANHAS!

I'M AFRAID IT'S DEEPER THAN THAT, DR. ROBERTS! THEY DIDN'T HESITATE TO KILL FOR THEIR LOOT, SO I'M INCLINED TO BELIEVE THEY WERE USED AS TRIGGER-MEN BY SOMEONE ELSE!



WHAT WAS THAT? I HEARD A SHUFFLING SOUND AT THE DOOR!

SO DID I! STAND BACK-I'LL GET IT!



IT'S A HUGE DOG! I THINK THE POOR FELLOW IS WOUNDED!

A WOUNDED DOG? BRING HIM IN, DARREL! PERHAPS WE CAN HELP THE POOR DEVIL!



HIS FORELEG IS HORRIBLY MANGLED, DR. ROBERTS!

PUT HIM ON THE TABLE AND WE'LL HAVE A LOOK!

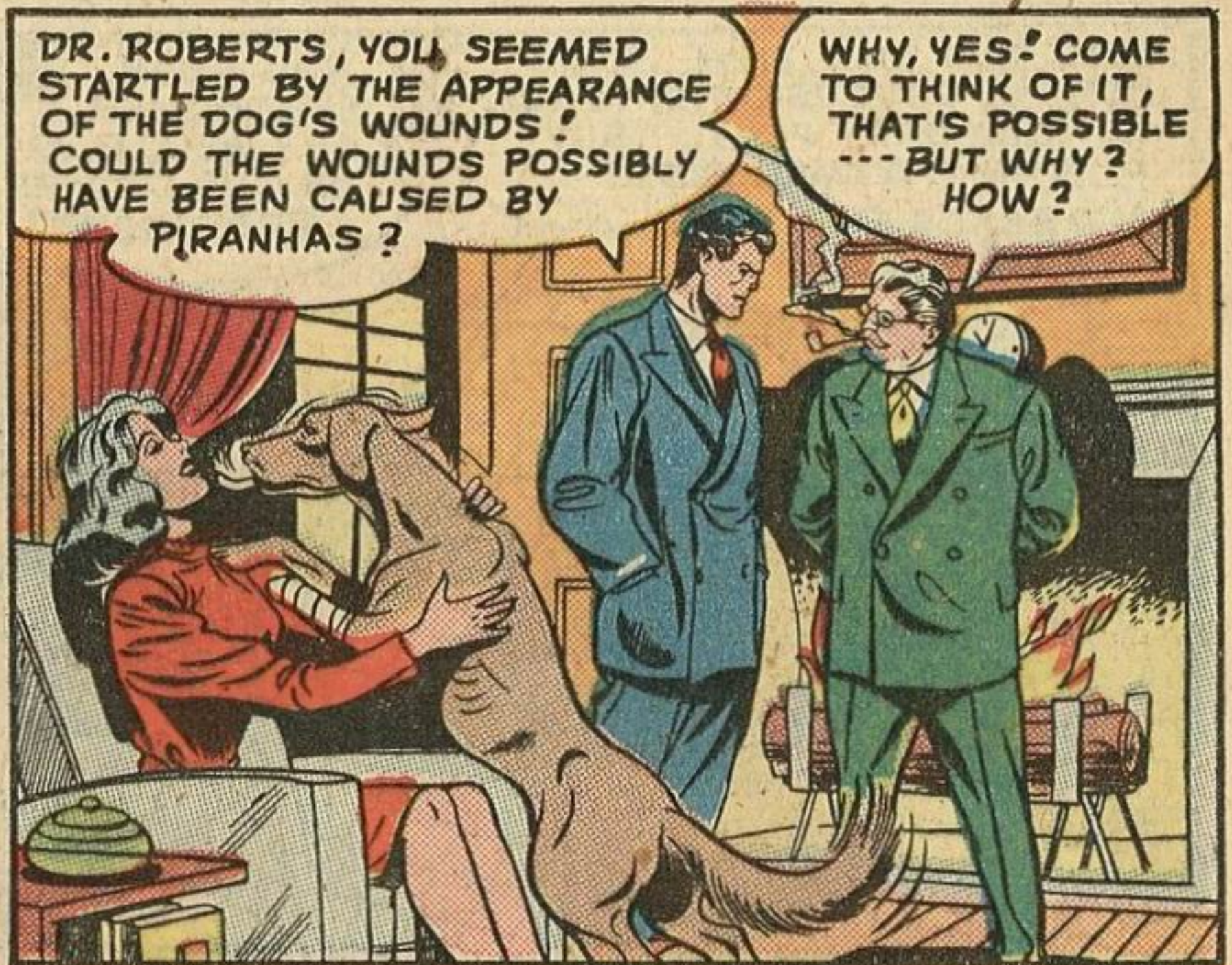


IT'S UNCANNY! I'VE NEVER SEEN ANY WOUND LIKE IT! THE BONE HAS ACTUALLY BEEN STRIPPED CLEAN OF FLESH!

HE'LL HAVE TO GET ALONG ON THREE LEGS FROM NOW ON! LOOK... HE'S COMING OUT OF THE ETHER!









GOOD OLD DOG! HE SENSED THE CLUE WHICH IS GOING TO CRACK THIS CASE WIDE OPEN! IT'S TIME FOR A CHANGE TO DOLL MAN!



Again Darrel Dane calls forth the cosmic powers which compress his molecules into the invincible Doll Man.....

HEAD FOR COVER, ROCKY! THE MUTT'S GONE MAD!

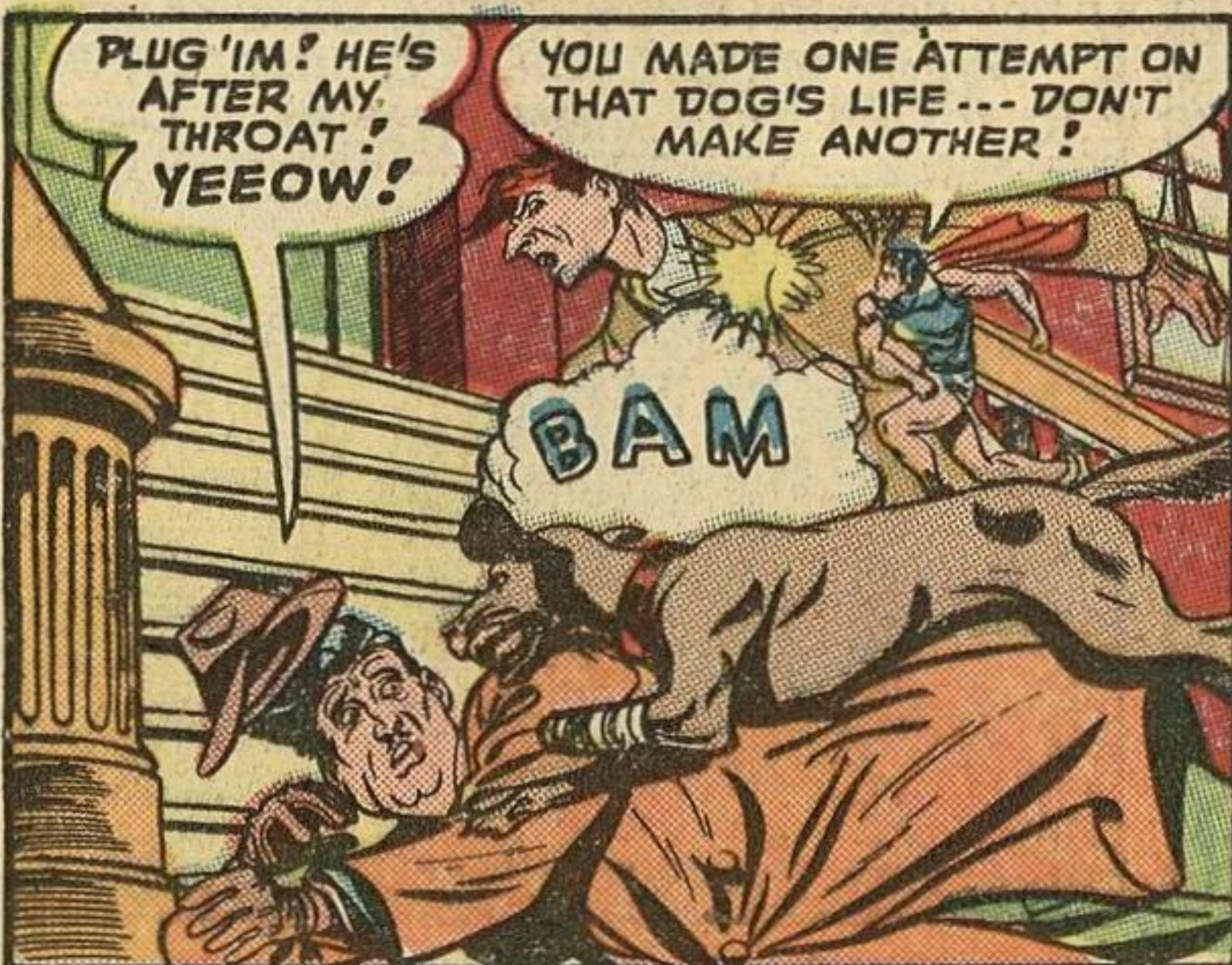
I HOPE THEY TAKE COVER IN THEIR HIDEOUT! I'M ANXIOUS TO MEET THE BRAINS BEHIND THIS FOUL SCHEME!



PLUG 'IM! HE'S AFTER MY THROAT! YEEOW!

YOU MADE ONE ATTEMPT ON THAT DOG'S LIFE... DON'T MAKE ANOTHER!

BAM



IT'S THAT MEDDLING, PINT-SIZED DOLL MAN! I THINK WE SHOOK HIM!

NOT YET, BOYS! I WANT YOU TO LEAD ME TO HEADQUARTERS, AND THE BRAIN BEHIND THOSE TRIGGERS!



IT WAS THAT MANGY CUR WHO GOT OUT OF THE TANK... AND THE DOLL MAN! PANT-PANT... THEY FOLLOWED...US!

WHAT? YOU PERMITTED SOMEONE TO FOLLOW YOU HERE!



YOUR TIME HAS COME, YOU BUNGLING IDIOTS! YOU HAVE JEOPARDIZED MY LIFE'S WORK, AND NOW YOU'LL PAY!

T-TAKE IT EASY, PROFESSOR! WE KILLED THAT MUTT AND SHOOK THE DOLL MAN!







N-NO! HEL-LLP!  
EEEEEEOW!



Y-YOU AGAIN?  
THE DOLL MAN!

RIGHT, PROFESSOR! YOU SAVED THE STATE THE COST OF A DOUBLE EXECUTION... BUT I'M GOING TO SAVE YOU FOR THE ELECTRIC CHAIR!



YOU'LL SUFFER FOR THIS, DOLL MAN...  
UGH!

WANNA BET?



HAD ENOUGH, PROFESSOR?

YOU UNDERESTIMATE ME, YOU LITTLE FOOL!



YOU FORGET THAT I AM AN EXPERT WITH A FISH NET!

OHKHH! I'M TRAPPED!



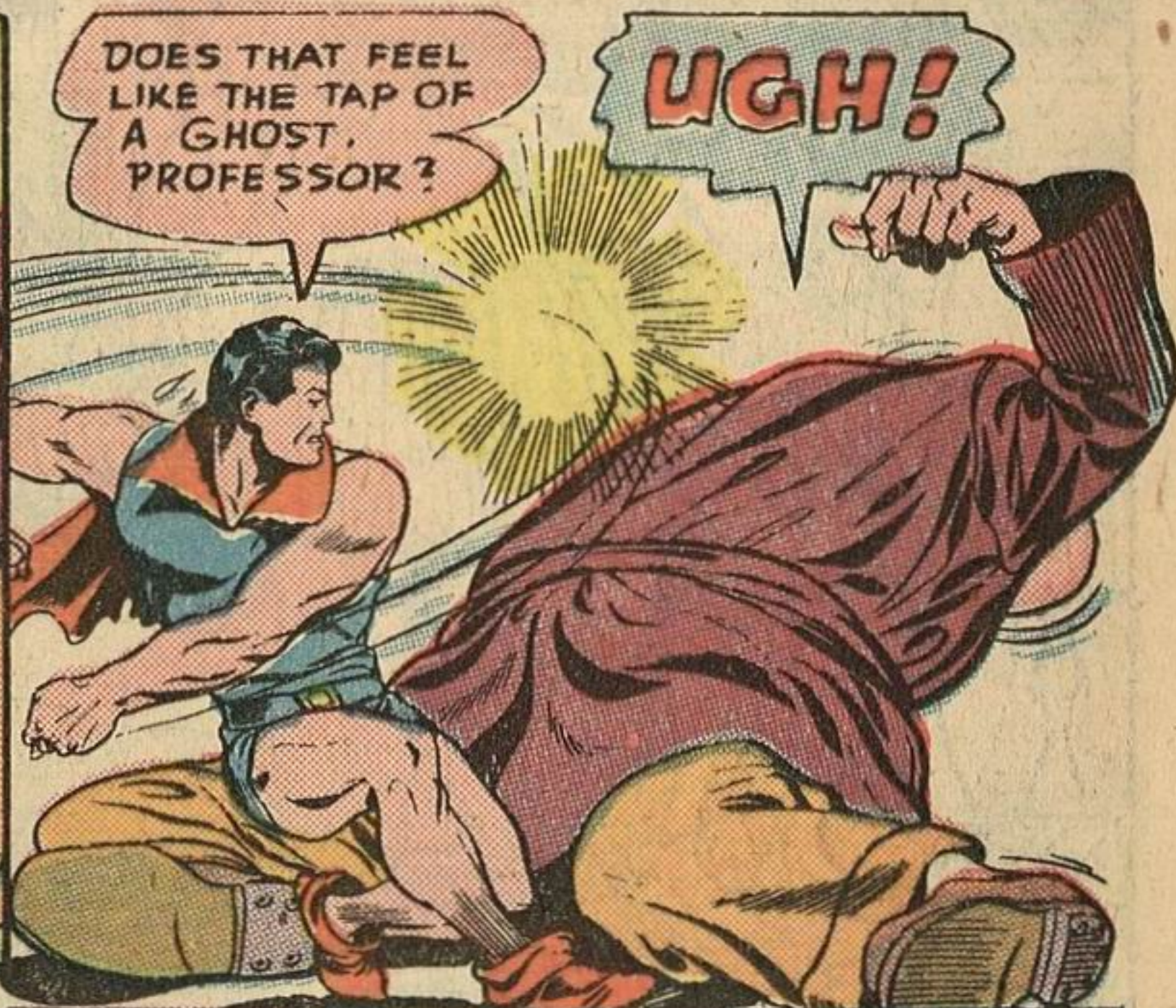
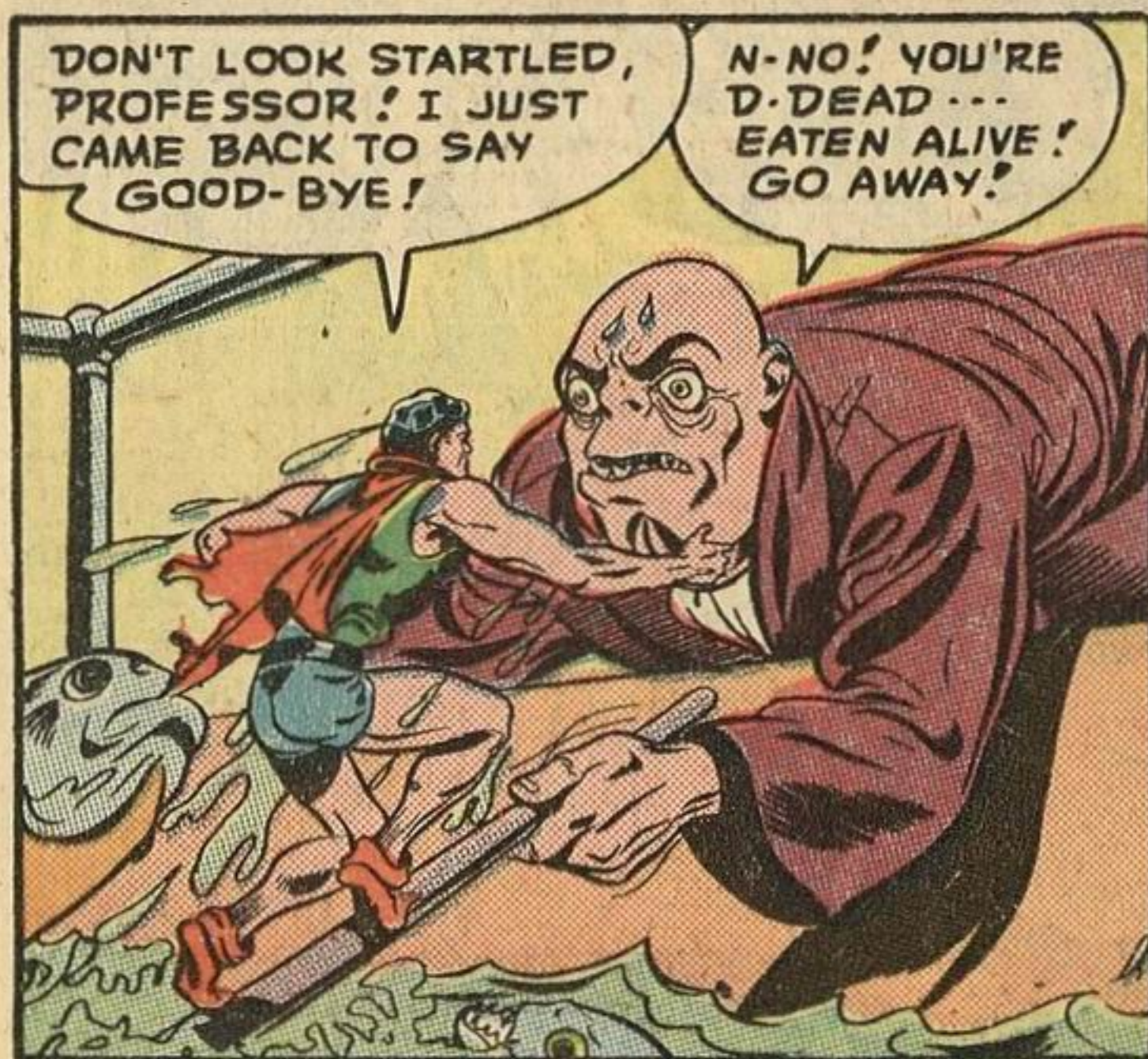
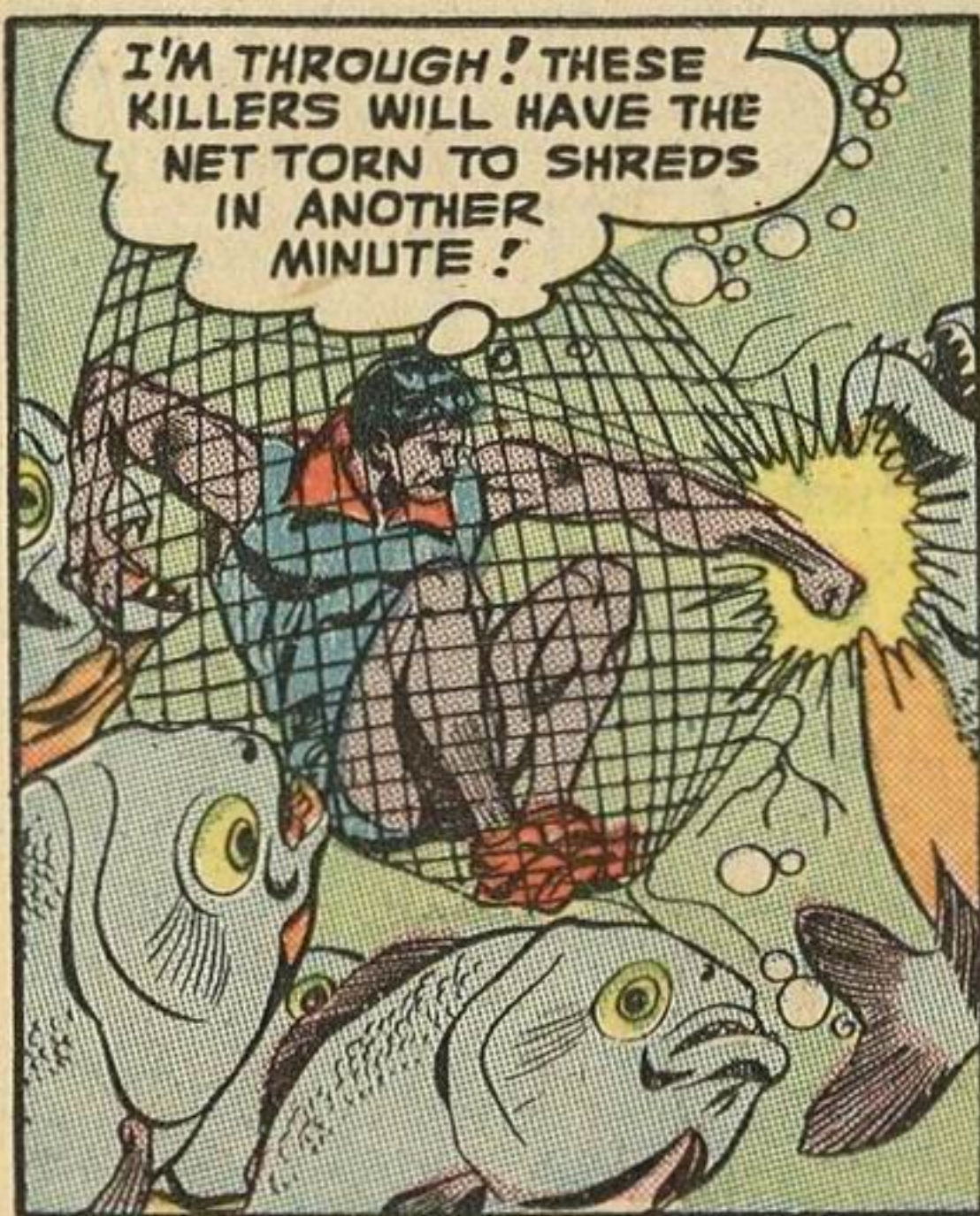
YOU'RE AS HELPLESS AS A MINNOW, DOLL MAN! MY PIRANHAS WILL APPRECIATE THIS TENDER MORSEL!

THIS MANIAC WILL STOP AT NOTHING! I'VE GOT TO GET OUT!



THANK GOODNESS THIS NET IS WOVEN FINELY ENOUGH TO KEEP THOSE KILLERS AWAY TEMPORARILY!







# Tonchy



ANNUAL EXPLORERS CONVENTION  
TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS AWARDED TONIGHT TO EXPLORER WHO HAS BROUGHT BACK RAREST TROPHY FROM HIS TRAVELS





ON THE OTHER HAND, HAD I BEEN ABLE TO LEAVE SLOPPY MOE'S PLACE, I'M SURE I'D HAVE DISCOVERED THE LOST YUCTU TRIBE, AND NO TELLING WHAT I'D HAVE FOUND AMONG THEM IN THE WAY OF A TROPHY!



TO THINK OF FRISBY Q. QUINT'S NOT EVEN BEING IN THE RUNNING THIS YEAR!



I SHALL STEEL MYSELF FOR THE HUMILIATION, WITH SOME LIQUID REFRESHMENT AT DANNY'S DUMP!



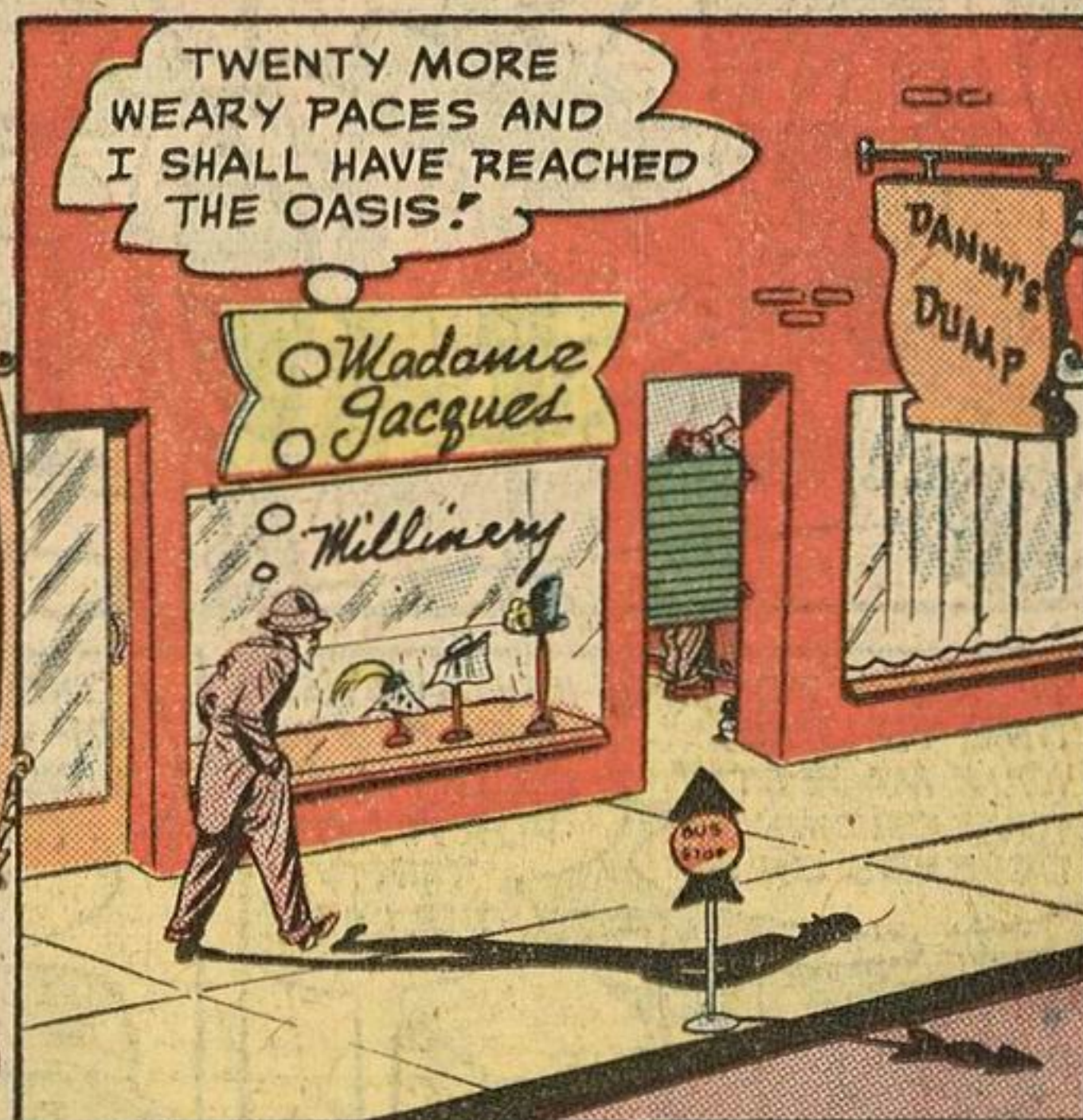
Meanwhile...

OH, MISS TODD! YOU LOOK SO ROYAL IN IT! IT'S OUR NEWEST STYLE! WE CALL IT THE QUEENLY CUTIE MODEL!

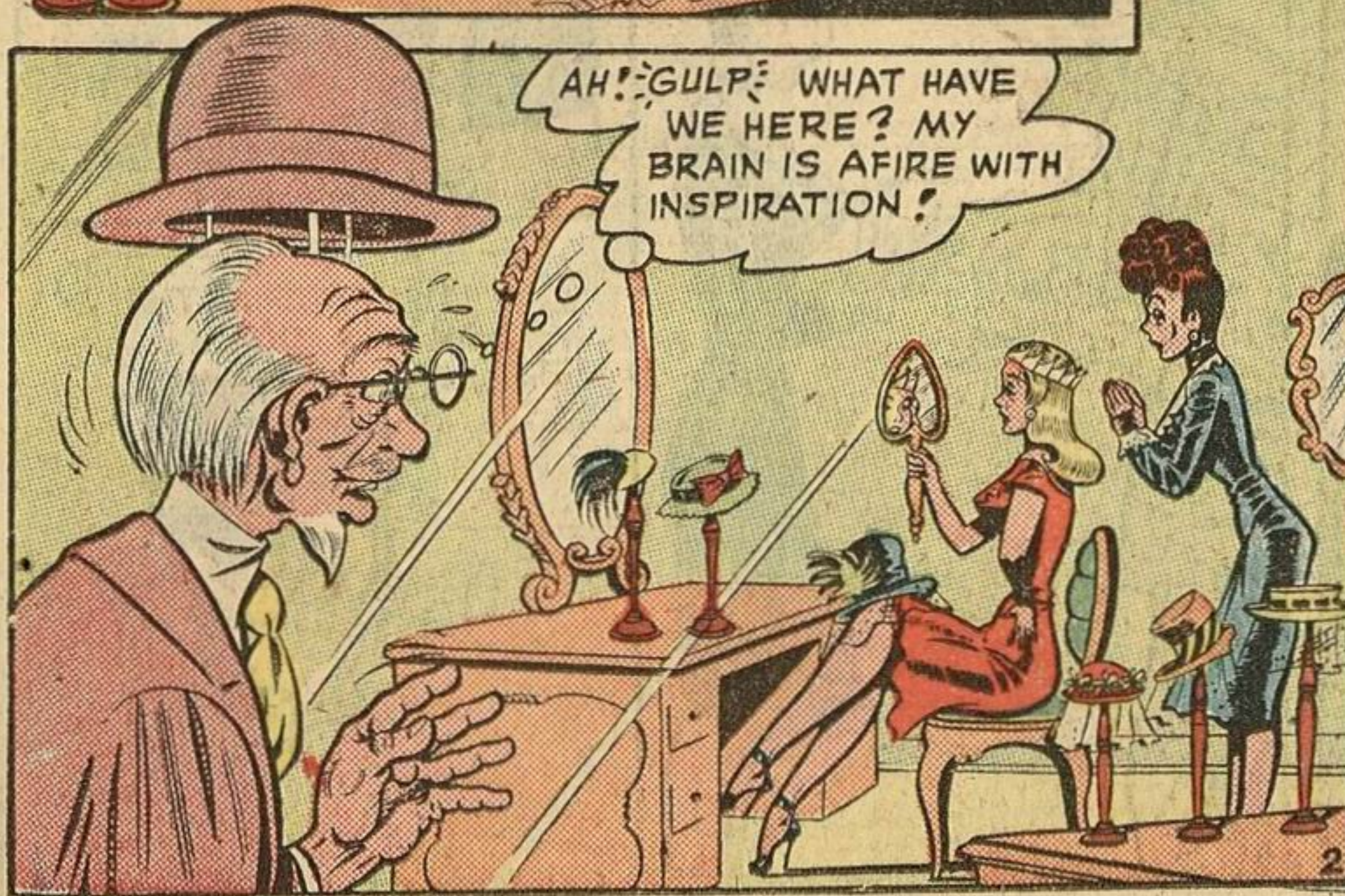
I CAN'T SEEM TO MAKE UP MY MIND ABOUT IT!



TWENTY MORE WEARY PACES AND I SHALL HAVE REACHED THE OASIS!



AH! GULP! WHAT HAVE WE HERE? MY BRAIN IS AFIRE WITH INSPIRATION!



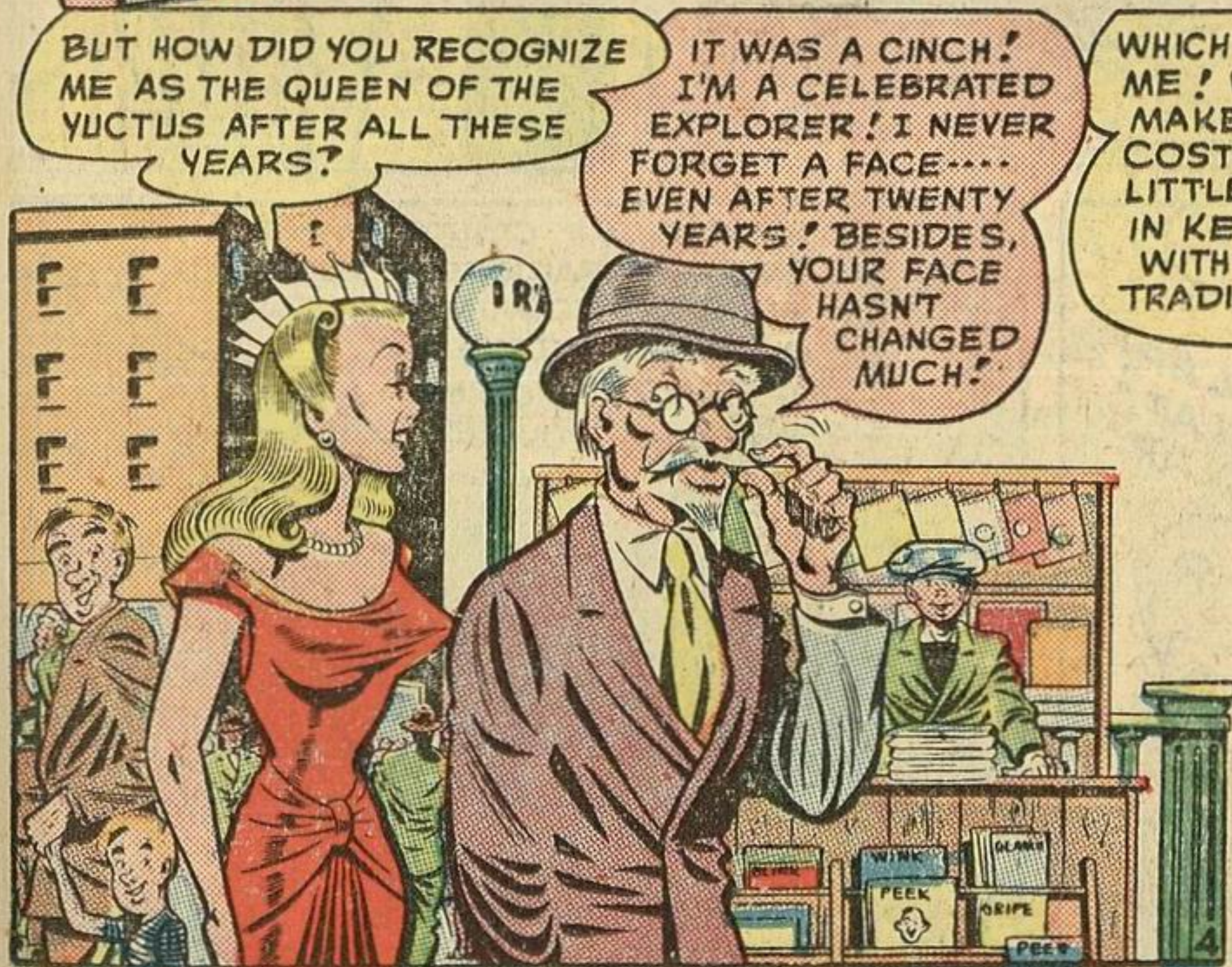
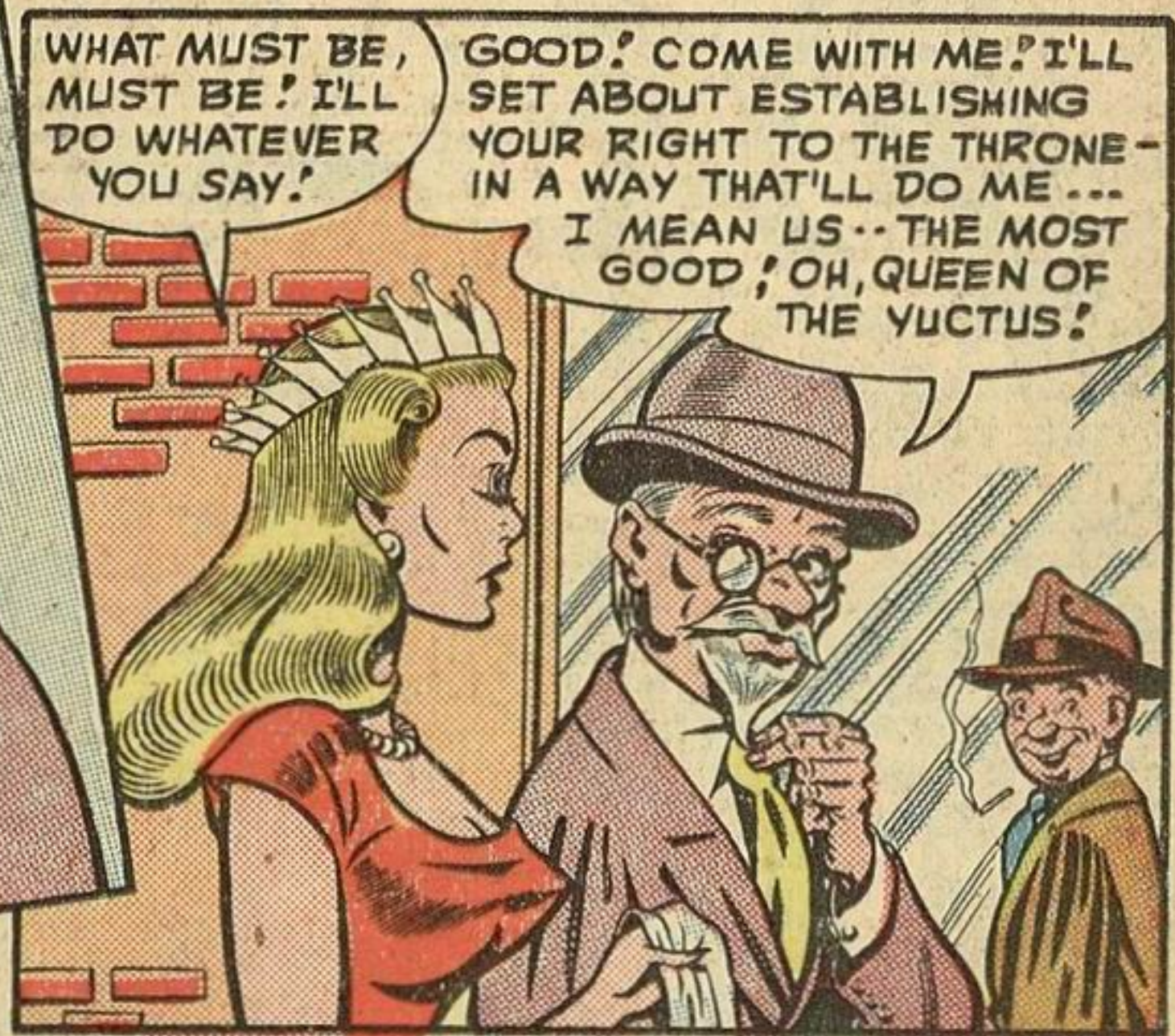
MY PROBLEM IS SOLVED!



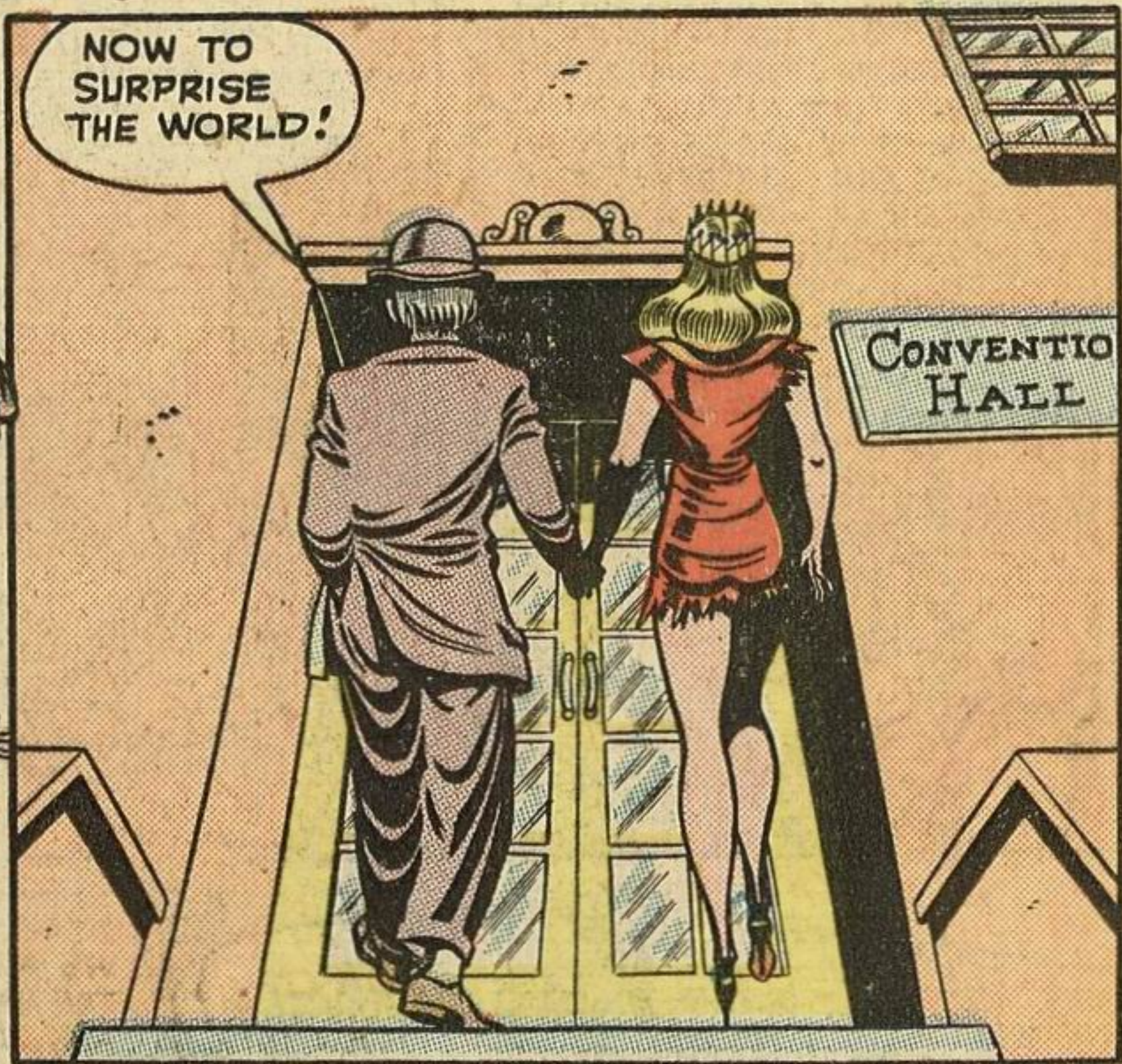
















THIRD, MR. BRIPPLE, WHO HAS BROUGHT BACK FROM CHINA A GENUINE TING VASE, SO DELICATE IT WEIGHS BUT A QUARTER OF AN OUNCE, THOUGH IT'S A FOOT HIGH!



FROM THE VOLUME OF APPLAUSE, I WOULD SAY YOU HAVE DECIDED TO AWARD THE TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS TO...

JUST A MOMENT, FRIENDS! YOU HAVEN'T SEEN ANYTHING YET!



HE ISN'T KIDDING!

TAKE A GOOD LOOK!



HARUMPH! IT'S REMARKABLY BEAUTIFUL, SIR! BUT WHAT IS IT?

THE LONG LOST QUEEN OF THE WHITE YUCTUS OF THE AMAZON! THAT'S WHAT IT IS!



WHAT A FIND, MR. QUINT! WE ALL HEARD YOU SPENT THE YEAR ON THE UPPER AMAZON! YOU FOUND HER IN A REMOTE PART OF THE JUNGLE, NO DOUBT!

NOT EXACTLY! STRANGELY ENOUGH, SHE WAS LOST RIGHT HERE IN CIVILIZATION!



NOW THAT YOU'RE GOING BACK TO YOUR OWN PEOPLE, YOUR MAJESTY, YOU'D DO WELL TO TAKE ME BACK AS AN ADVISER! I'VE HAD YEARS OF EXPERIENCE ADVISING QUEENS ON WHAT TO DO!

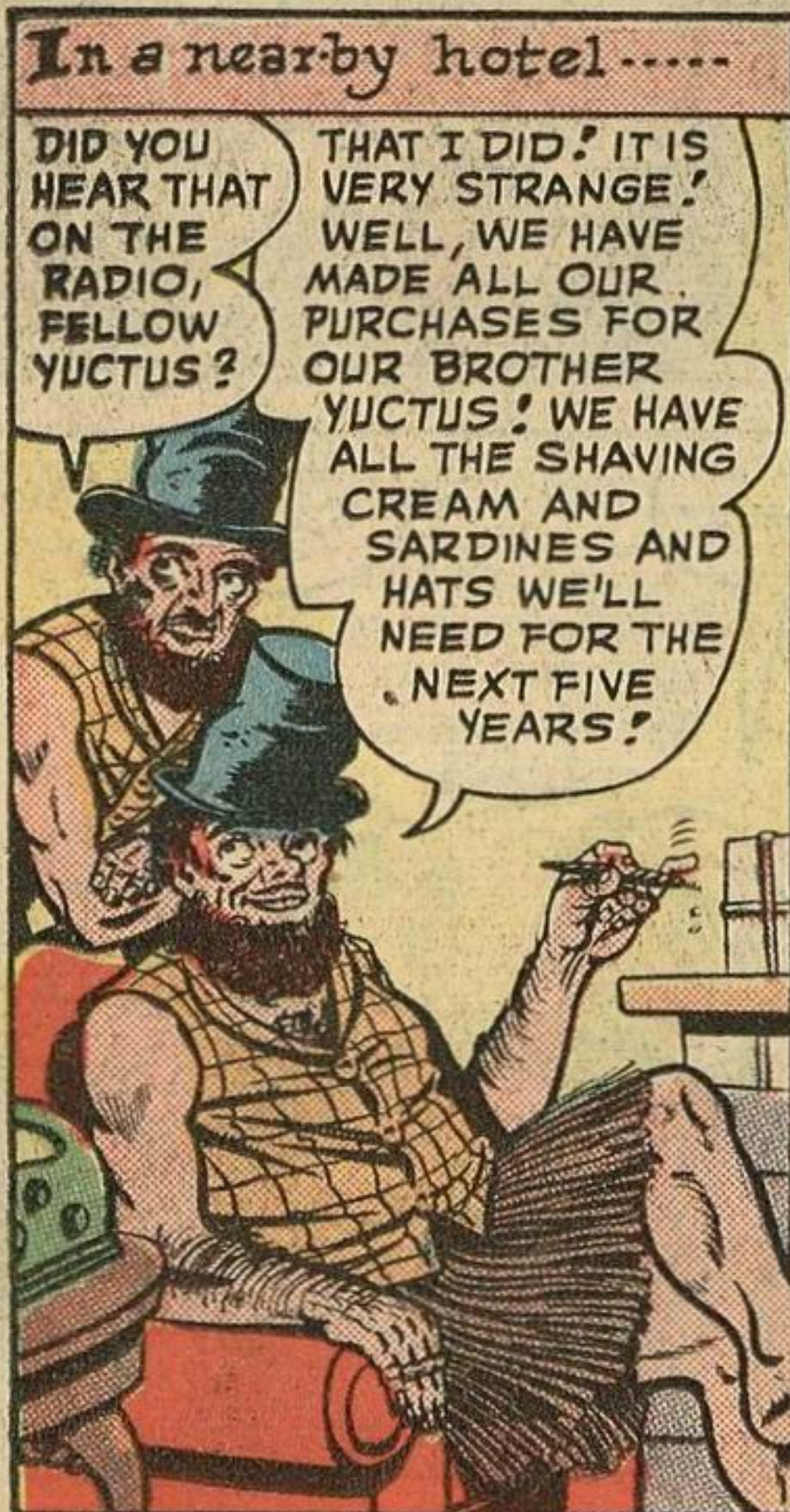
HEY! LET ME UP CLOSER! I WANT TO TELL HER ABOUT THE TIME I ALMOST REACHED THE YUCTU COUNTRY!



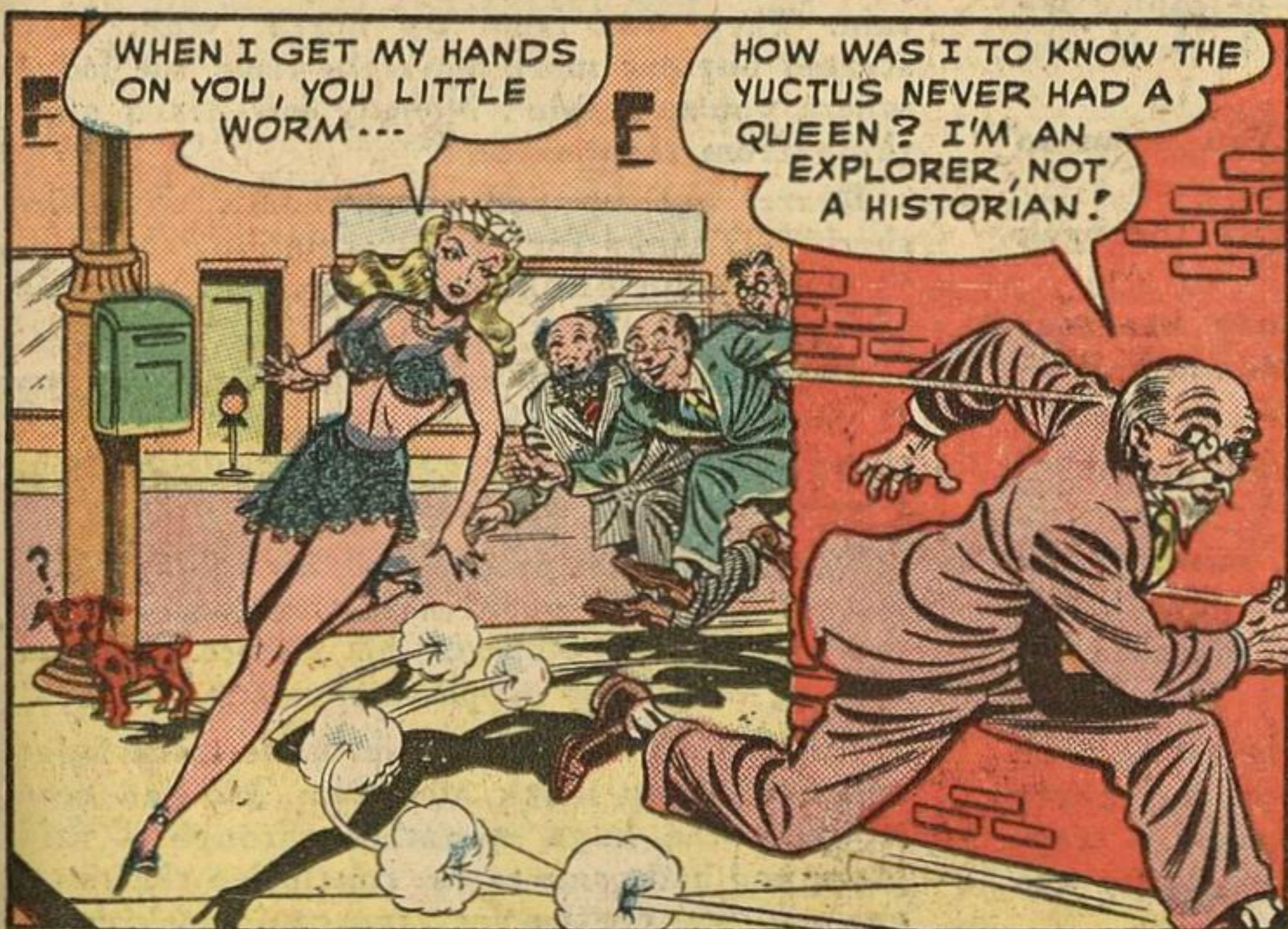
QUIT SHOVING!

WHO'S SHOVING?











# Black Mountain

"UP there?" the old-timer said. "We never go up there, stranger."

Darrel Dane said "Why? What's the mystery of Black Mountain?"

They were sitting on the long porch of the Skyline lodge, where Darrel had gone for a week's rest. It was deep in the Great Smokey Mountains. A quiet place, never overrun by tourists.

The old-timer knocked the ashes out of his pipe and yawned. "Mystery?" he said. "Now, even if I knowed, I ain't sure I'd tell you . . . only take my advice and don't go up Black Mountain." The old man got up, stretched and said "Good night, stranger."

Darrel sat a while watching the big moon slide up over the hills. Night birds called. A thick mist rose from the valley. The juke box in the lobby had stopped playing. People went to bed early in this country.

Now, a mystery to Darrel Dane was something that simply *had* to be solved. The old-timer was most reticent. Whom could he ask about Black Mountain?

Darrel stood up, then turned and entered the lobby. The night clerk was dozing over his register. Darrel strode up and leaned over the counter.

"Excuse me," he said, "but do you know the mystery of Black Mountain?"

The clerk gasped. Then he collected himself with an effort.

"N-nobody knows it, mister," he said. "We only know that you never come back if you go up the mountain."

"What?" exclaimed Darrel. "You mean to tell me you believe that?"

The clerk wiped his mouth with the back of his hand.

"I'm telling you, mister, nobody has ever come back who went up Black Mountain."

Well, here was something! Darrel grinned.

"Whew! You say that like you meant it, pal!"

"It's true, every word of it, mister," the clerk said. "Everybody hereabouts knows that."

"Then how many people have vanished up there?" Darrel asked.

The clerk considered. "The last one," he said, "was Mike Bailey. Mike was a trapper during the winter months. He started a trap-line up Black Mountain about two years ago . . . he never came back."

"Others?" prompted Darrel.

"Well," replied the clerk, "I've only been here three years; but there have been others who went up there. None of 'em ever came back."

The next day Darrel called on the sheriff of the county, and put the question seething in his head.

"How many besides Mike Bailey have vanished up Black Mountain?" he wanted to know.

The sheriff looked sharply at him. "Listen," he said, "you ain't figgerin' on goin' up there, be you?"

Darrel shook his head; better to humor these people. "No. Only I'd like to know more about all these people who've vanished up there."

"Mike was one," said the sheriff. "Then a year or two before him there was Clase Hoady. I once had Clase as my deputy. Clase lost some cows and went up the mountain to hunt 'em. He never came back."

"That's two," said Darrel. "Go on."

The sheriff scratched his jaw. "Then 'bout five years ago there was a youngster—name of Holmes—went up there huntin' for butterflies or somethin'."

"And he never came back," said Darrel, grinning.

"That's right," said the sheriff. "And ten or twelve years ago there was three fellows who thought they'd find out what was happening to people who went up Black Mountain. They was from up north. Well, they started out one morning, right from the lodge where you're stayin'. Nobody has heard anything from them since."

Darrel got up and shook hands with the sheriff. "Thanks for the information," he said. "I'm going up Black Mountain. Want to come along?"

The sheriff almost paled. "Not me, stranger. If you're fool enough to go traipsin' up there, then consider yourself out of my jurisdiction. I wouldn't do it, if I was you."

Darrel left him prophesying dire things. The rest of the day he wrote letters and sent a wire to Martha Roberts, his fiancée. He said nothing about his proposed mystery search.

About four that afternoon he left the lodge and headed up Black Mountain. He had been studying the huge mountain through a field glass, and had come to the conclusion that anyone standing on the very top could look down



anywhere in the valley. His glance would command the lodge, too.

Darrel didn't believe in anything outside the realm of scientific possibility. Those people hadn't just vanished without a trace. There was some big reason for their disappearance. But what?

He was three-quarters the way up the mountain when he heard a twig snap. He whirled, but at that very moment something hit him on the back of the head. Stars flitting through utter blackness closed about him.

When he came to, he found himself lying in darkness so thick he could almost cut it. He felt about with one hand. Rough boards. He was evidently in a shack. And it was night. He touched the bump on his head. It was sore and had been bleeding.

Darrel got on his knees and crawled. He soon bumped into a rough wall of logs. He stood up. Then he walked entirely around the cabin. There were no windows, but he felt the outlines of a door. As he was debating what to do, he heard someone outside fumbling with a padlock.

Then Darrel did a strange thing. By simply exerting a tremendous force of will, he shrunk to a mere mite of a few inches high. He leaped to one side as the door opened and a man stepped inside.

"Hey, you!" said a gruff voice. "Come on, the boss wants to see you!"

Bang!

A ton of bricks hit the man on the chin and he folded like an old rag bag. Darrel Dane—now the invincible Doll Man—had put everything behind the blow that had started from the floor in a powerful leap.

The Doll Man pulled the door shut gently and stood looking around outside. A dim light glowed about a hundred yards ahead. He went toward it. It was a small electric bulb and it lighted the entrance of a shaft. The Doll Man

looked down the shaft. He heard a muted humming.

"Hm," he said. "It's a mine. I wonder what kind?"

He got on the elevator and pressed the "Down" button. Noiselessly the car slid downwards. It slid a long way. Then it stopped. The Doll Man got off and stood looking down a narrow tunnel. He sneaked along the gloomy passage until he came to the edge of a large cavern. In it were a dozen or more men, all busy at some job. Some were working a strange looking printing press; another was bent over a bench with engraving tools cluttered around. He was working on a polished glass slab.

"Why, hello," said the Doll Man to himself. "There's Henry Millen. He served ten years in the pen for a little job of . . ." The Doll Man stopped. His glance shot around, taking in the picture clearly.

"Who of course!" he gasped. "Now I have it. Oh boy, what a find! There they all are—a whole den of crooks!"

The Doll Man turned and fled back through the tunnel, leaped onto the car and pressed the proper button. The car slid to the top. As it did so, the Doll Man saw looming above him the figure of a huge man. He held a club in his hand.

"Sock me, will ya?" growled the man. Then his eyes opened wide as he took in the Doll Man's minute figure. "Mebbe I'm nuts, bub. Mebbe that sock did fer me." His eyes contracted as he tried to focus them on the tiny figure.

The car had halted and the man made a swipe with his club. But the Doll Man had suddenly assumed normal proportions. Darrel Dane hit the man a blow that floored him, then he dragged him onto the mine car and sent it down.

It was a simple matter to jimmy the system so the car wouldn't come up again. Darrel Dane set off to get the sheriff. He had bagged a nest of famous counterfeiters.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 of DOLL MAN, published quarterly at Buffalo, N. Y. for October 1, 1947

State of Connecticut } ss.  
County of Fairfield }

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Everett M. Arnold, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of the DOLL MAN and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc. of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Acts of March 3, 1933 and July 2, 1946 (section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations), printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Editor, Ann Meredith, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member must be given.) Comic Favorites, Inc., 378 Summer St., Stamford, Conn.; Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.,

Claire C. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Henry P. Martin, Jr., 8 Foster Drive, Des Moines, Iowa.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner, and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

EVERETT M. ARNOLD, Publisher.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 16th day of September, 1947  
LOUIS A. KURIANSKY, Notary Public (Commission expires April 1, 1949.)



# *The* DOLL MAN



**M**any are the criminal enterprises launched by minds of twisted, diabolic genius, that

*The DOLL MAN* has shipwrecked! Many villains have met doom at his hands!

So you'll be surprised to learn that the impossible has happened! You won't believe it when...

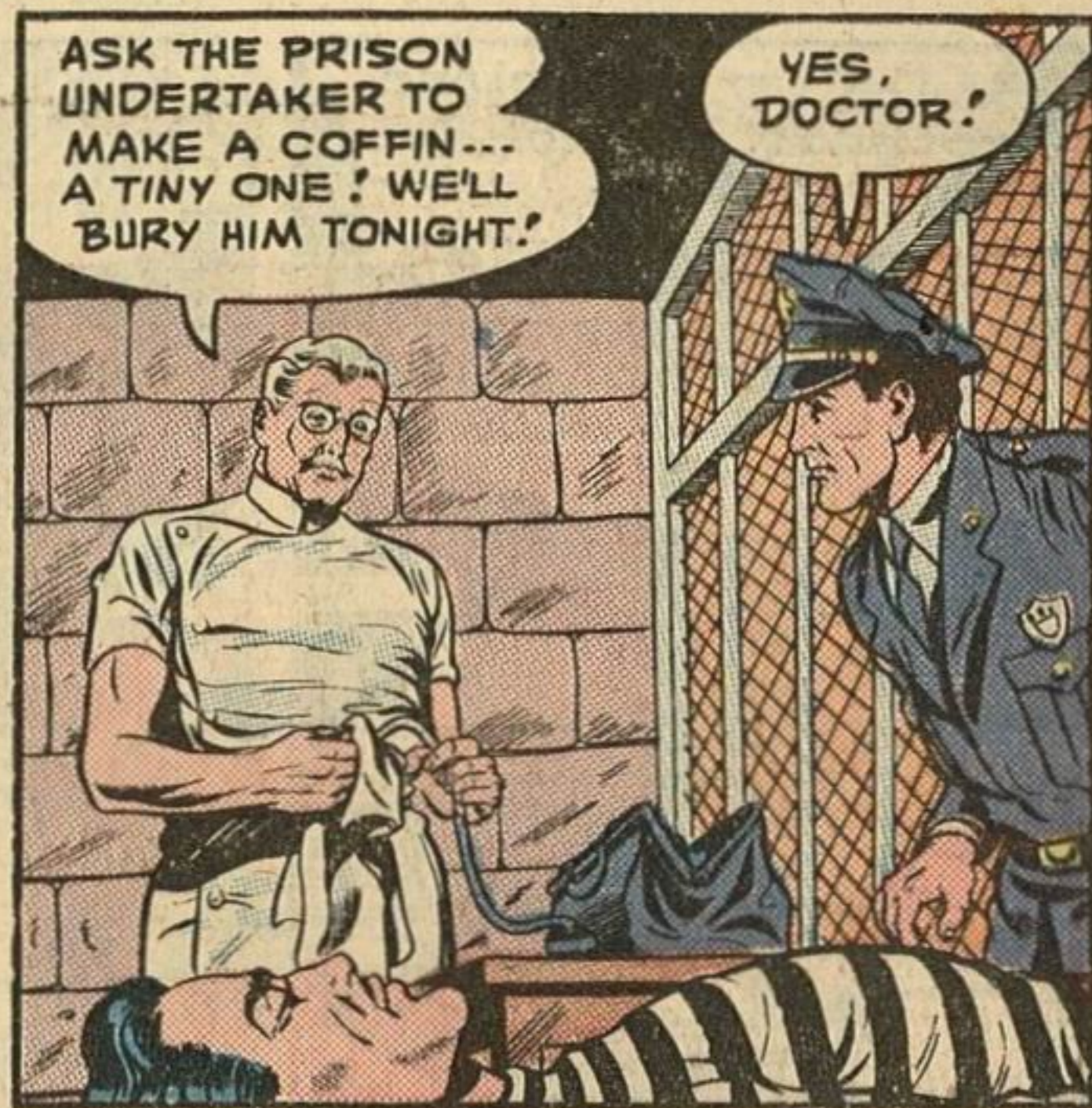
**DOLL MAN JOINS  
THE UNDERWORLD!**



**A**s it must  
to man  
or midget,  
the end  
comes for  
**TOM  
THUMB...**



HIS HEART HAS  
STOPPED BEATING!  
HE'S DEAD!

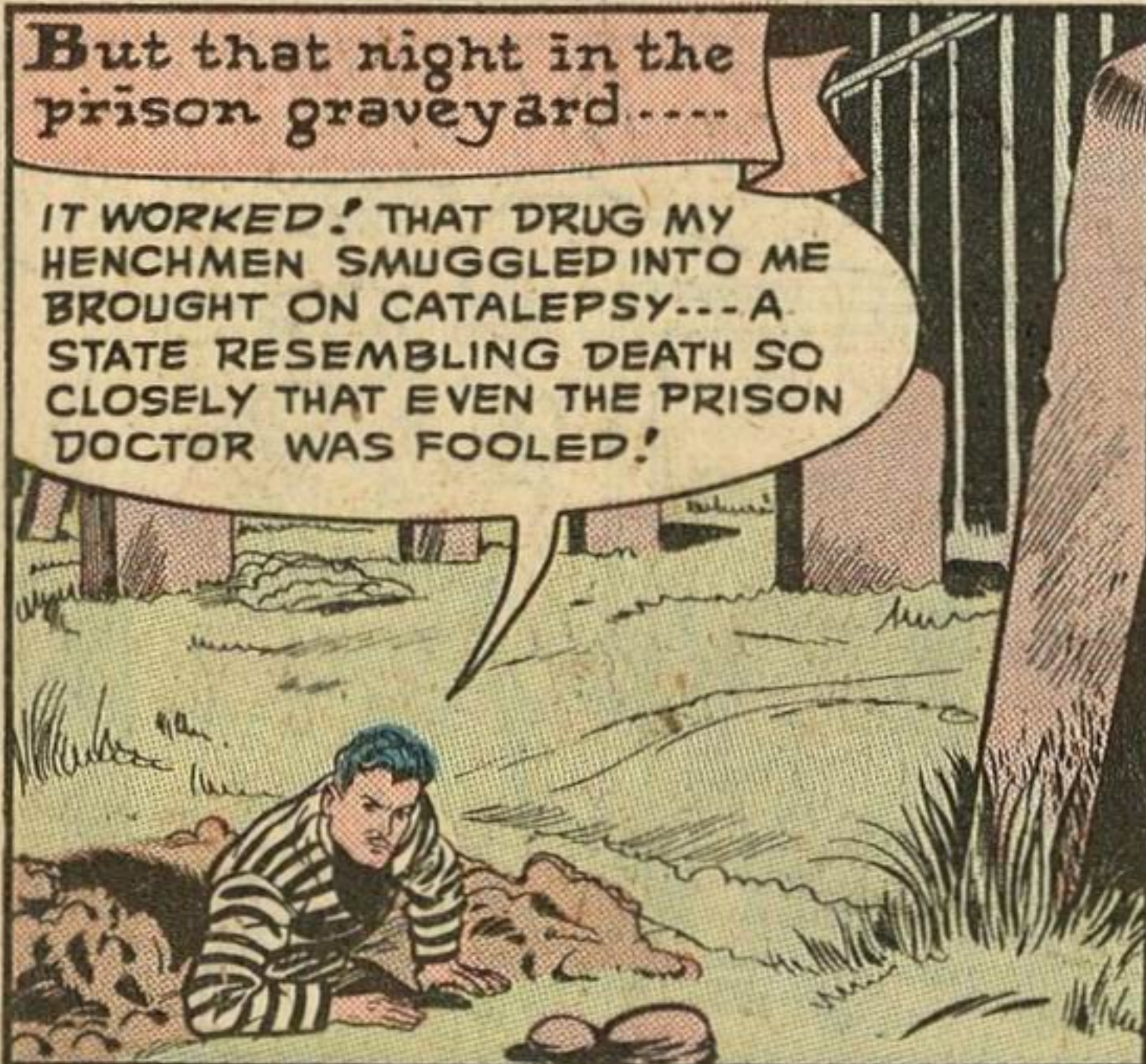


ASK THE PRISON  
UNDERTAKER TO  
MAKE A COFFIN...  
A TINY ONE! WE'LL  
BURY HIM TONIGHT!

YES,  
DOCTOR!

**But that night in the  
prison graveyard....**

IT WORKED! THAT DRUG MY  
HENCHMEN SMUGGLED INTO ME  
BROUGHT ON CATALEPSY---A  
STATE RESEMBLING DEATH SO  
CLOSELY THAT EVEN THE PRISON  
DOCTOR WAS FOOLED!



I GAMBLER THEY WOULDN'T BURY  
ME AS DEEPLY AS AN ORDINARY-  
SIZED MAN! NOW TO REPLACE THE  
DIRT, SO THAT NO ONE  
WILL KNOW WHAT  
HAPPENED!



**Later, in Tom Thumb's  
own apartment ....**

CRIME'S BEEN A TOUGH  
RACKET SINCE THEY SENT  
YA UP THE RIVER, BOSS!  
**MUGGS MALONEY'S**  
TAKEN OVER IN YOUR  
PLACE! HE'S BEEN  
TELLING EVERYONE  
YOU WERE WASHED  
UP!

I CAN HANDLE  
MUGGS MALONEY.  
THE DOLL MAN'S  
MY ONLY NEMESIS!

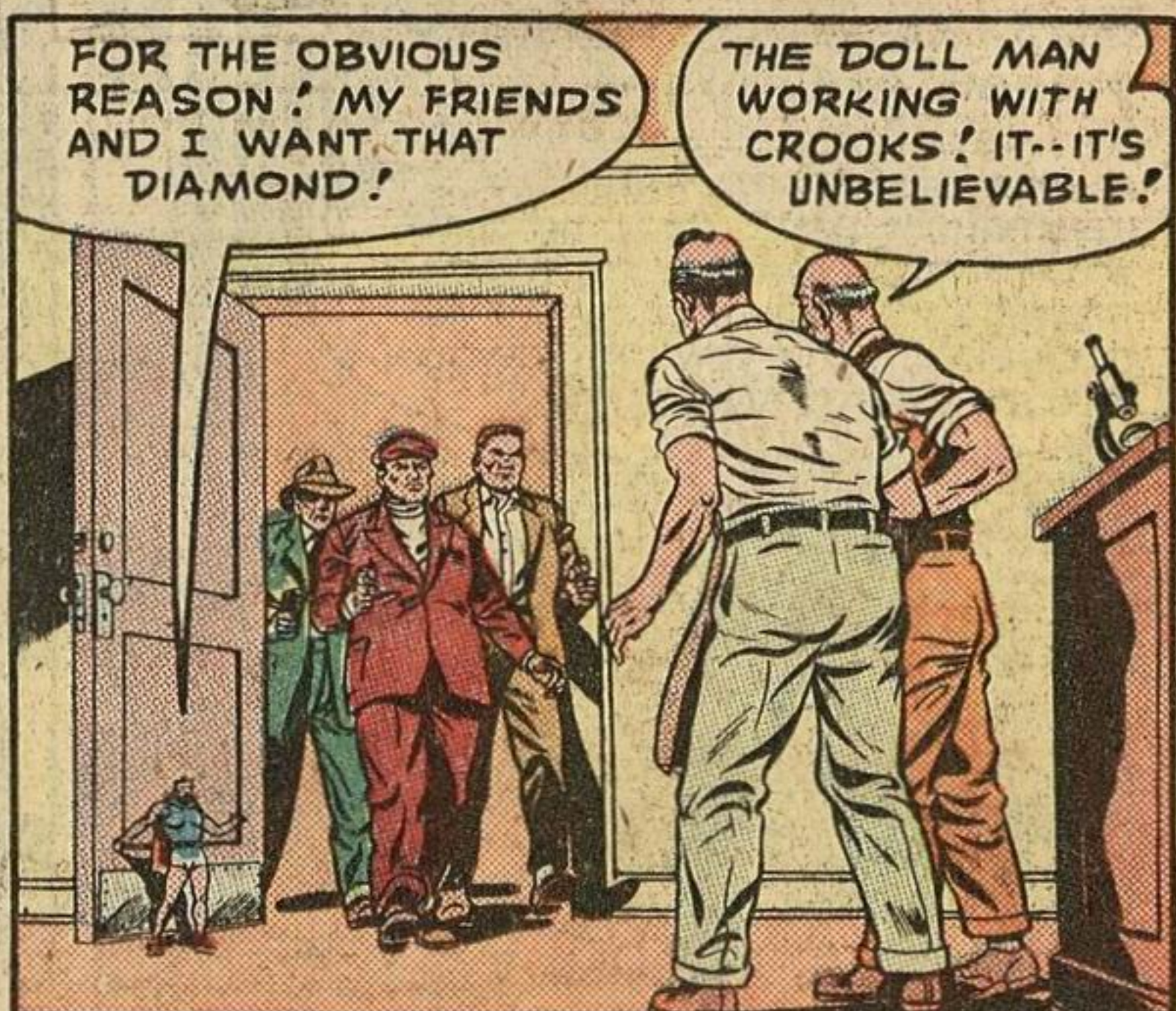
BUT HE DOESN'T  
KNOW I'M FREE! AND  
I'VE GOT A FOOL-  
PROOF SCHEME TO  
FIX THE DOLL MAN SO  
HE'LL NEVER BOTHER  
ANYONE AGAIN!

HOW  
DO WE  
BUMP  
HIM  
OFF?

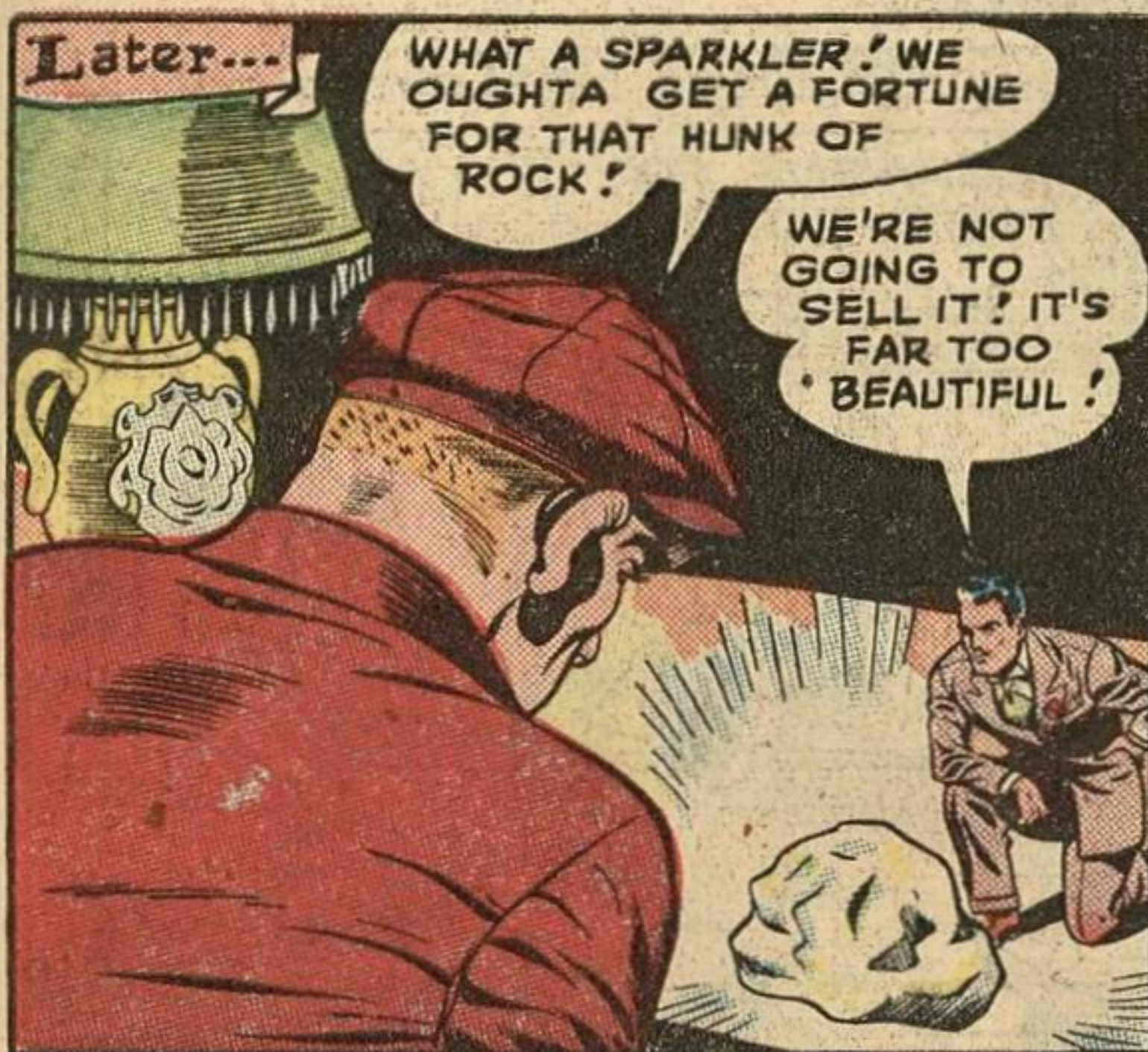
NOTHING SO CRUDE  
AS THAT, MY DEAR  
FELLOW! THE POLICE  
WILL RID US OF THE  
DOLL MAN... WHEN  
THEY LEARN THAT  
HE HAS BECOME  
A CRIMINAL!







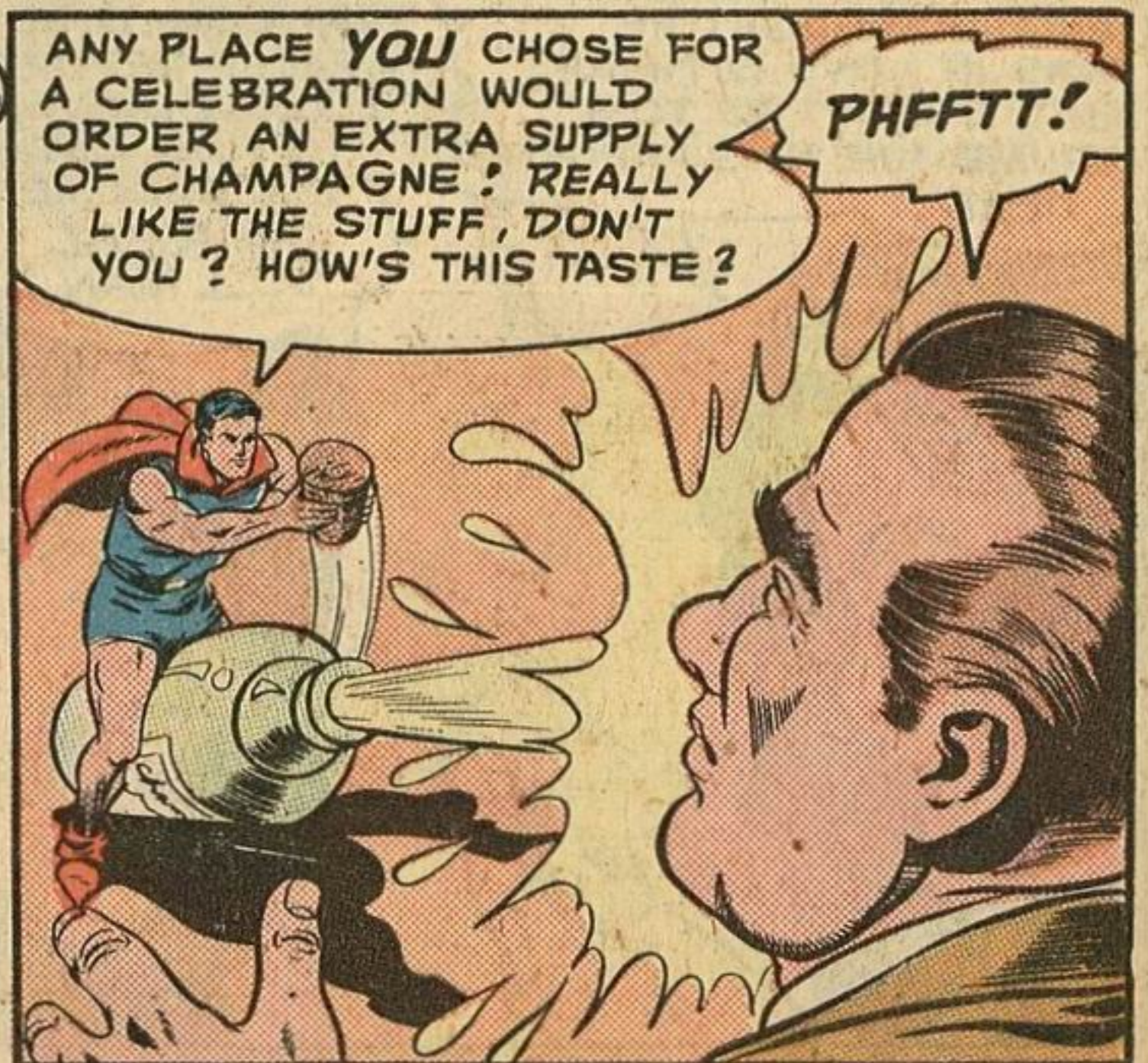
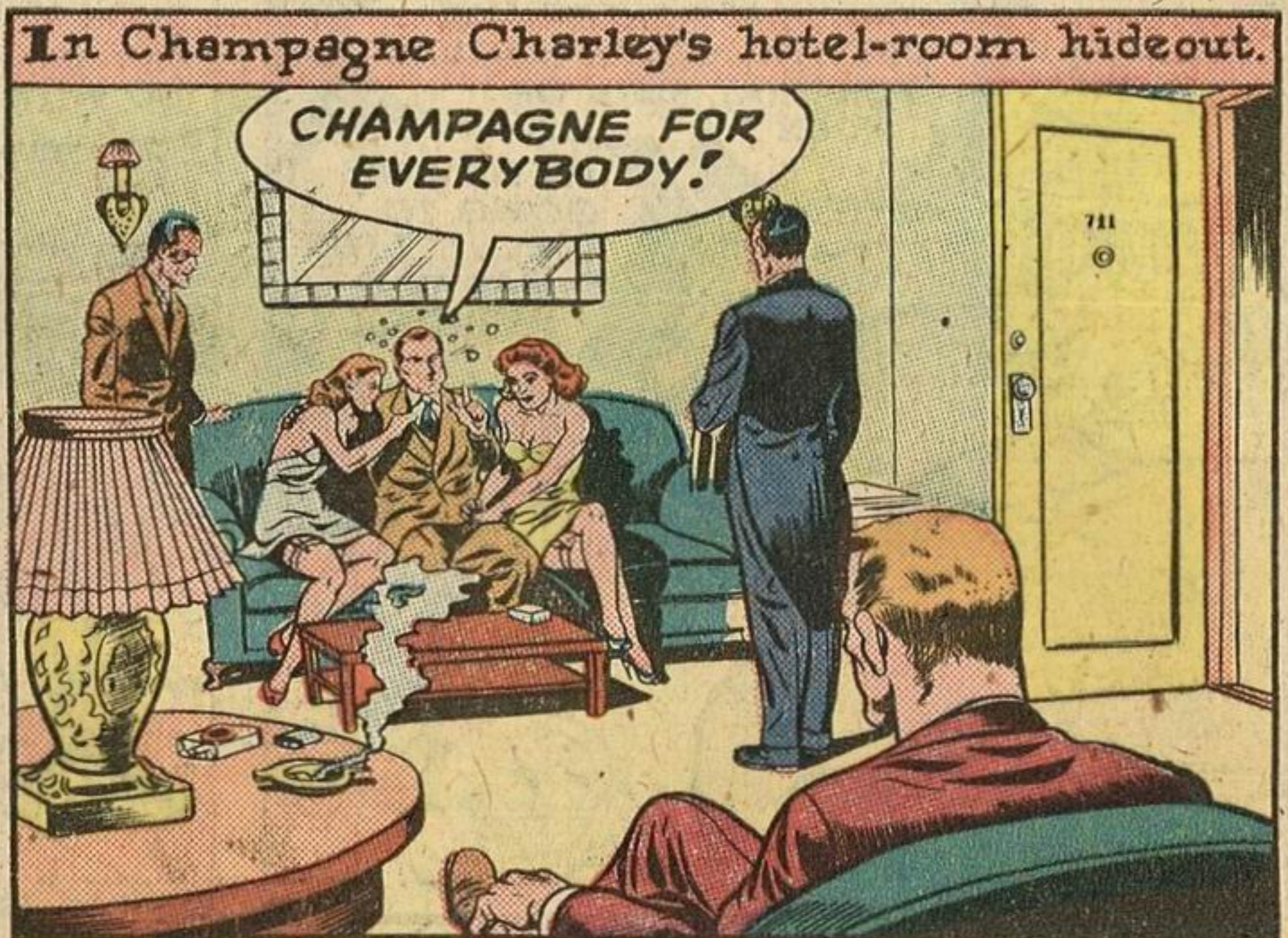
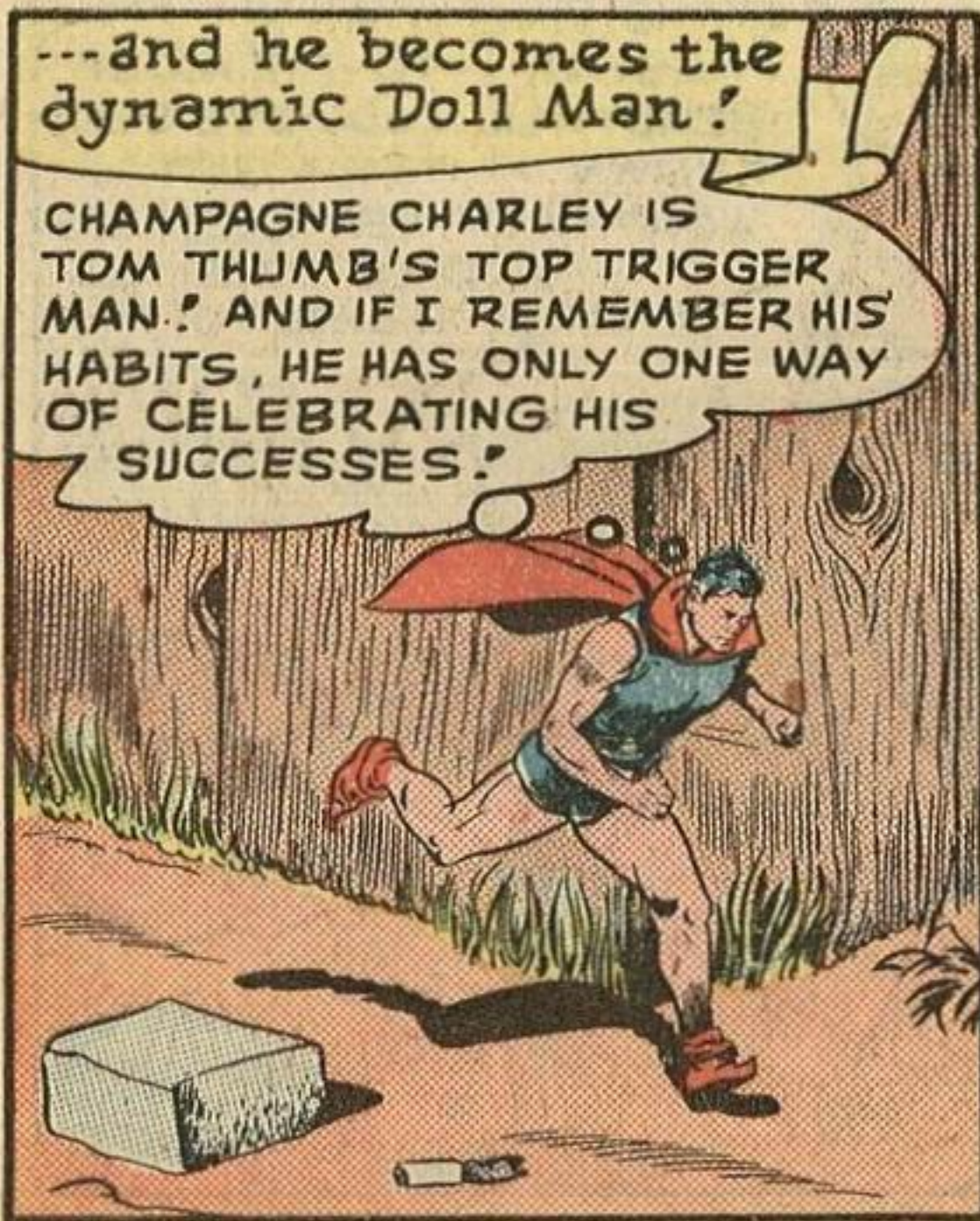




Moments later, in an unobserved alleyway, an amazing change takes place! By an effort of will, Darrel Dane compresses the molecules of his body...



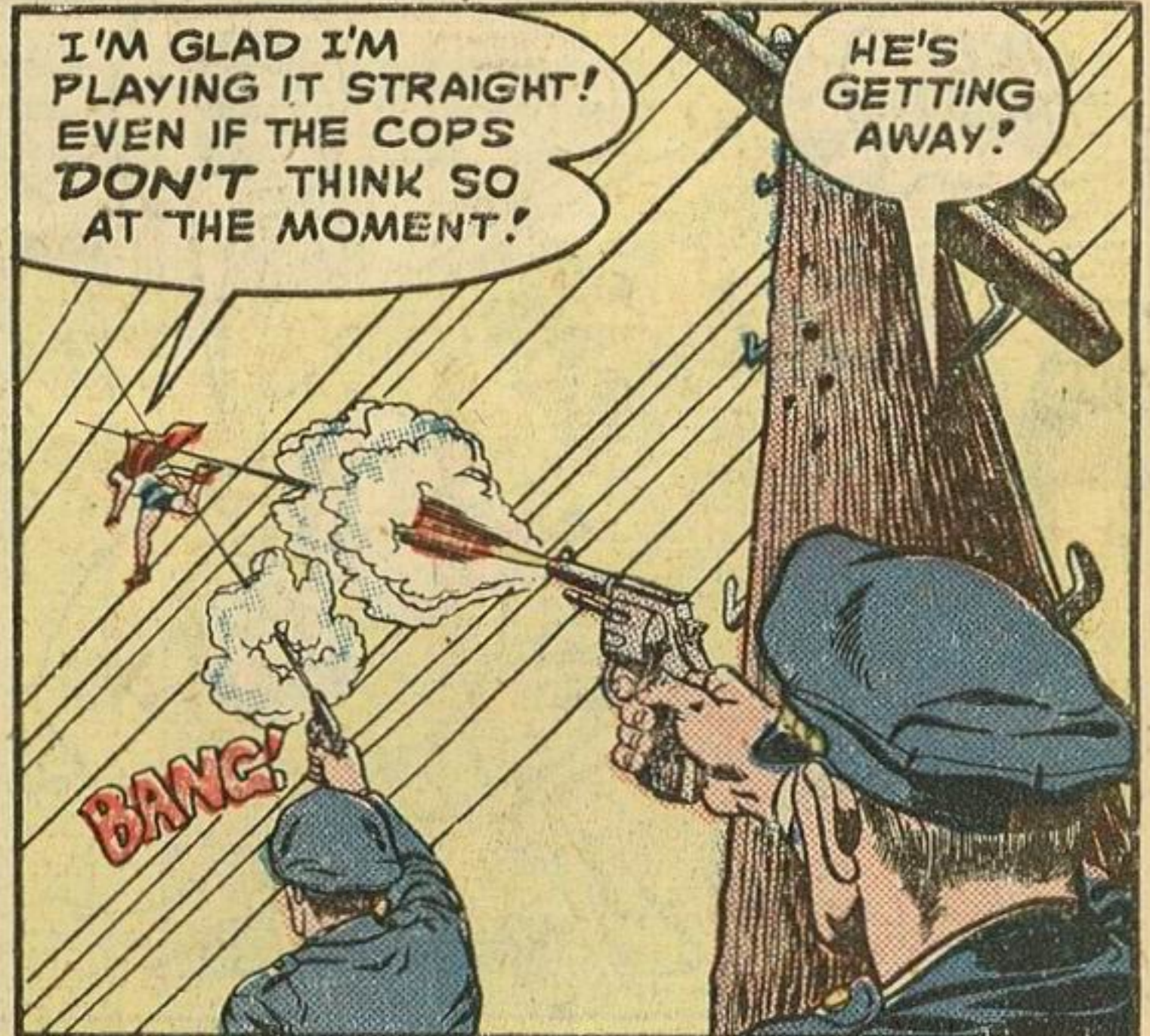




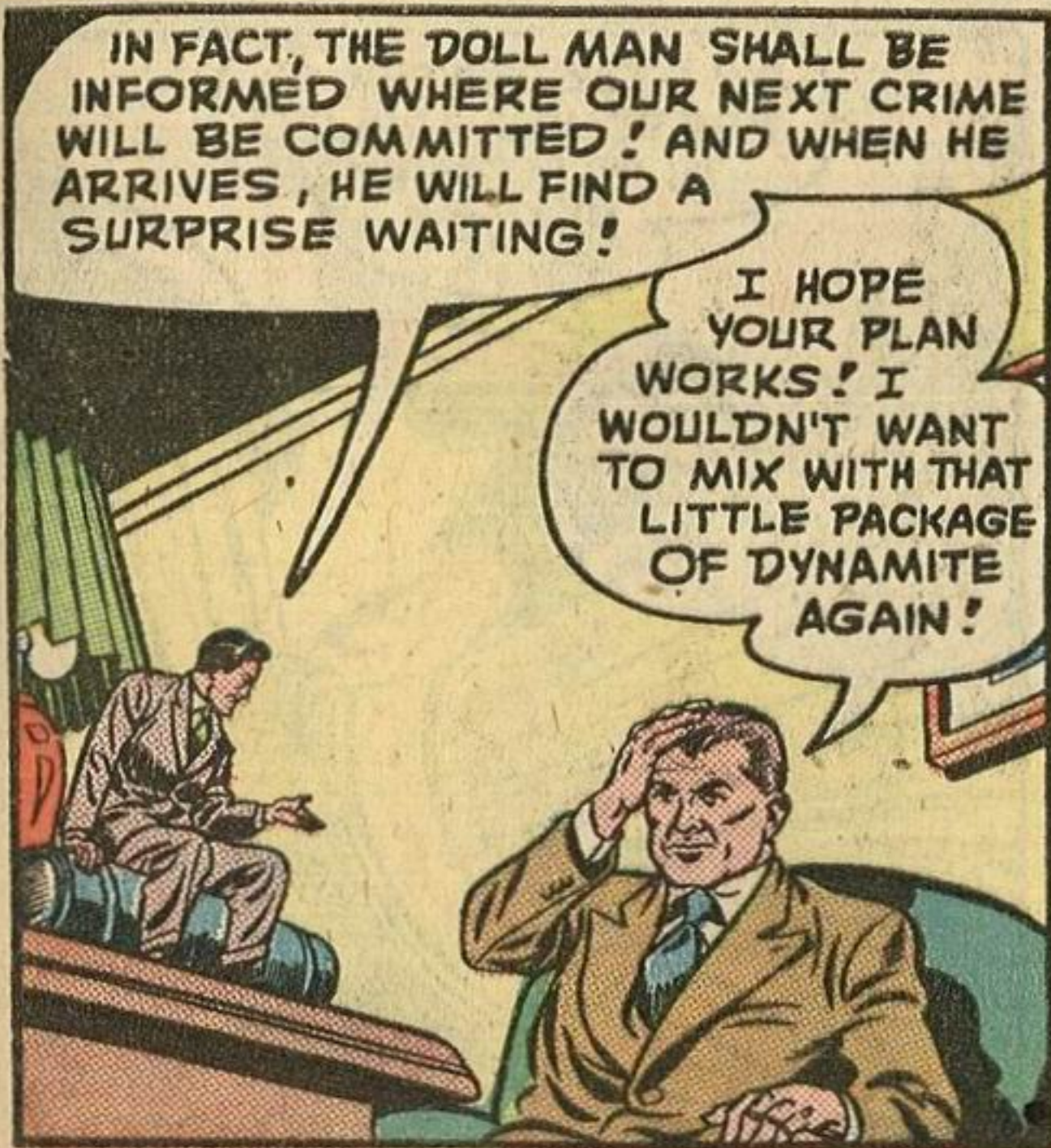












IN FACT, THE DOLL MAN SHALL BE INFORMED WHERE OUR NEXT CRIME WILL BE COMMITTED! AND WHEN HE ARRIVES, HE WILL FIND A SURPRISE WAITING!



FOUND: Doll without a thumb. Apply Avant Jewelry Co. between 2-4, P.M.



And the item does not escape the watchful attention of Darrel Dane....

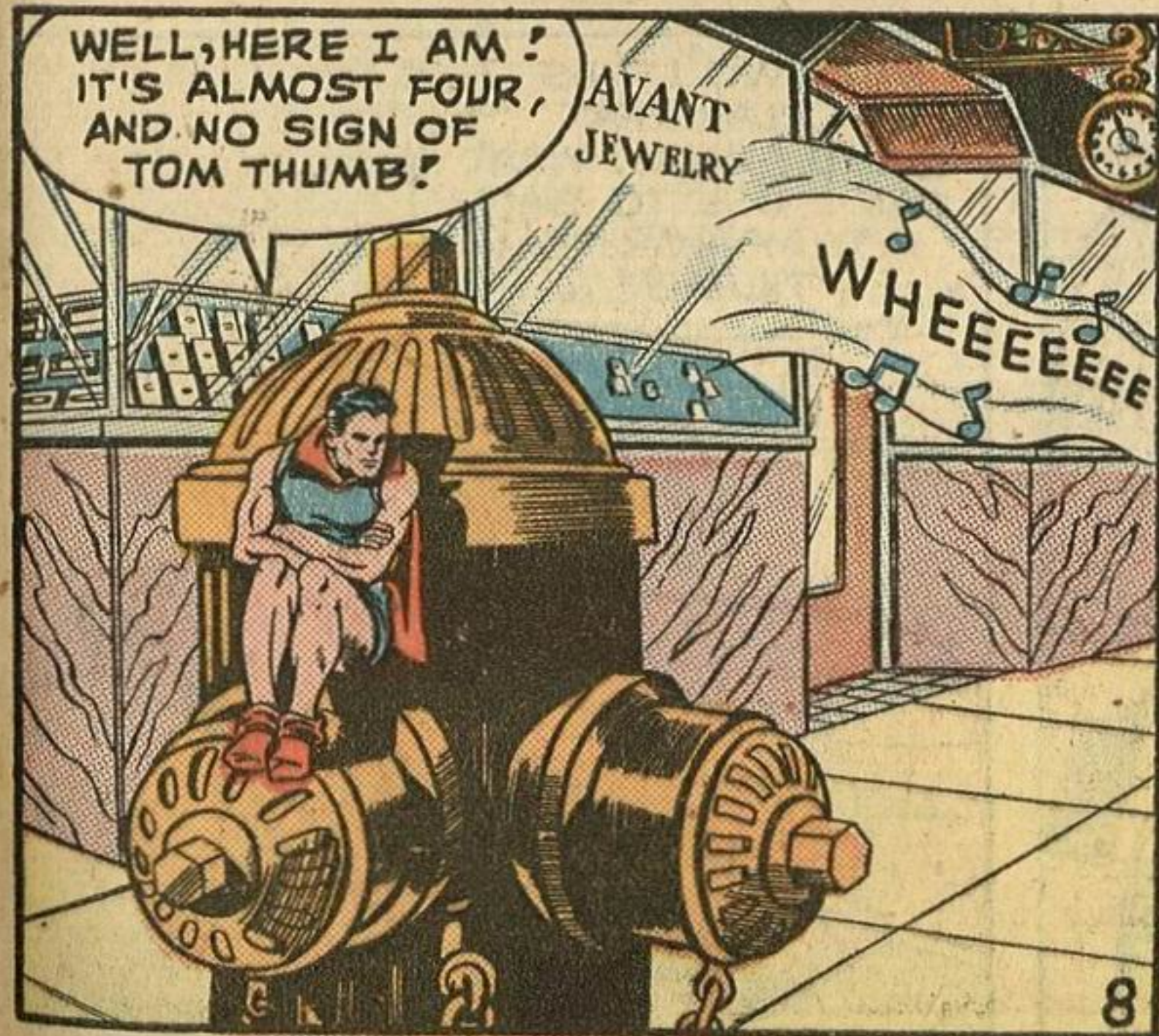


AND HE'S ISSUED A PERSONAL CHALLENGE TO THE DOLL MAN... A CHALLENGE I'LL BE ONLY TOO GLAD TO ACCEPT!

Once again Darrel Dane, exercises his remarkable power to transform himself into the **DOLL MAN**!



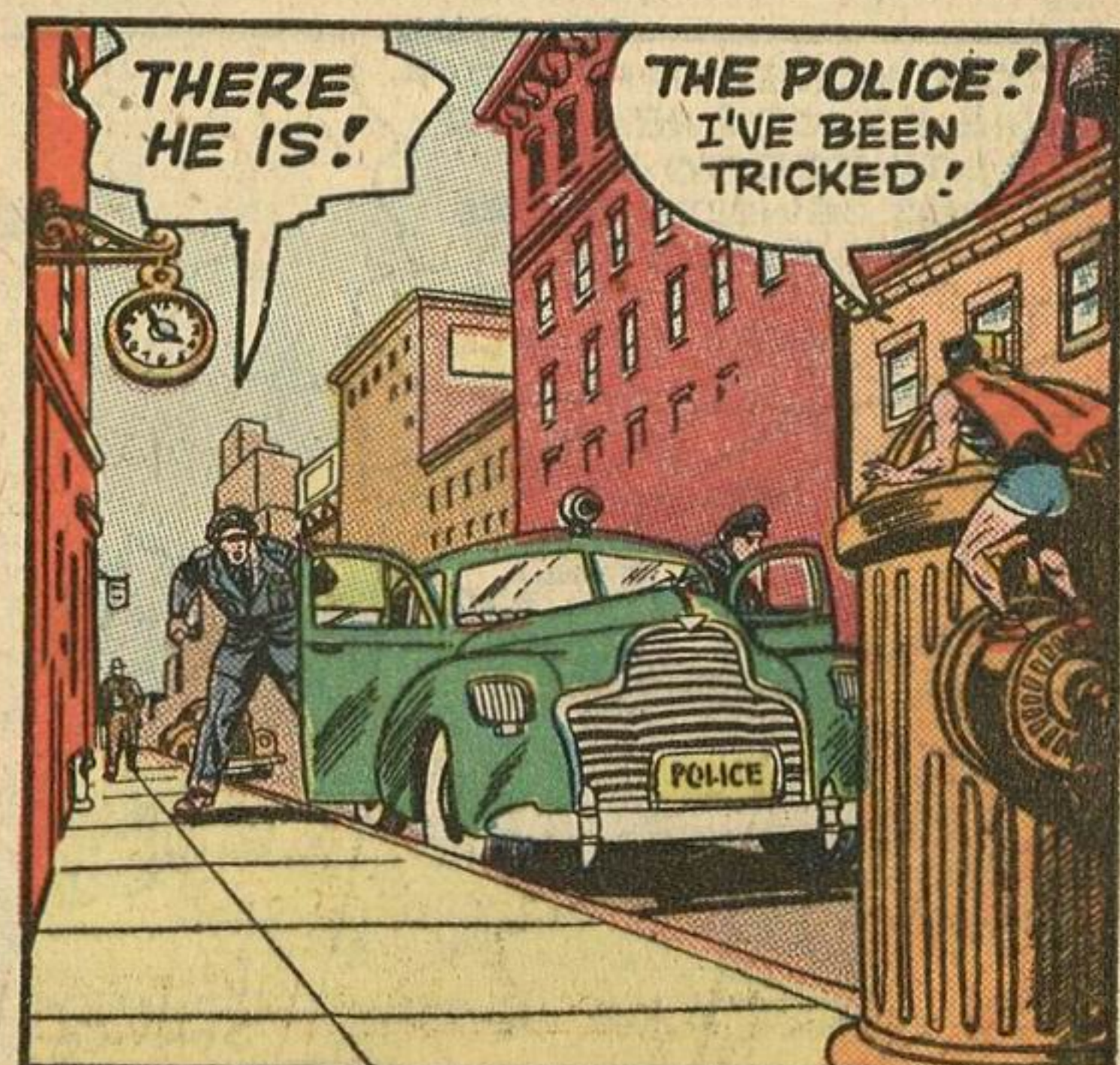
DOLL WITHOUT A THUMB, EH? I WON'T BE WITHOUT HIM VERY LONG! HE'LL SOON BE UNDER MY THUMB!



WELL, HERE I AM! IT'S ALMOST FOUR, AND NO SIGN OF TOM THUMB!

AVANT JEWELRY

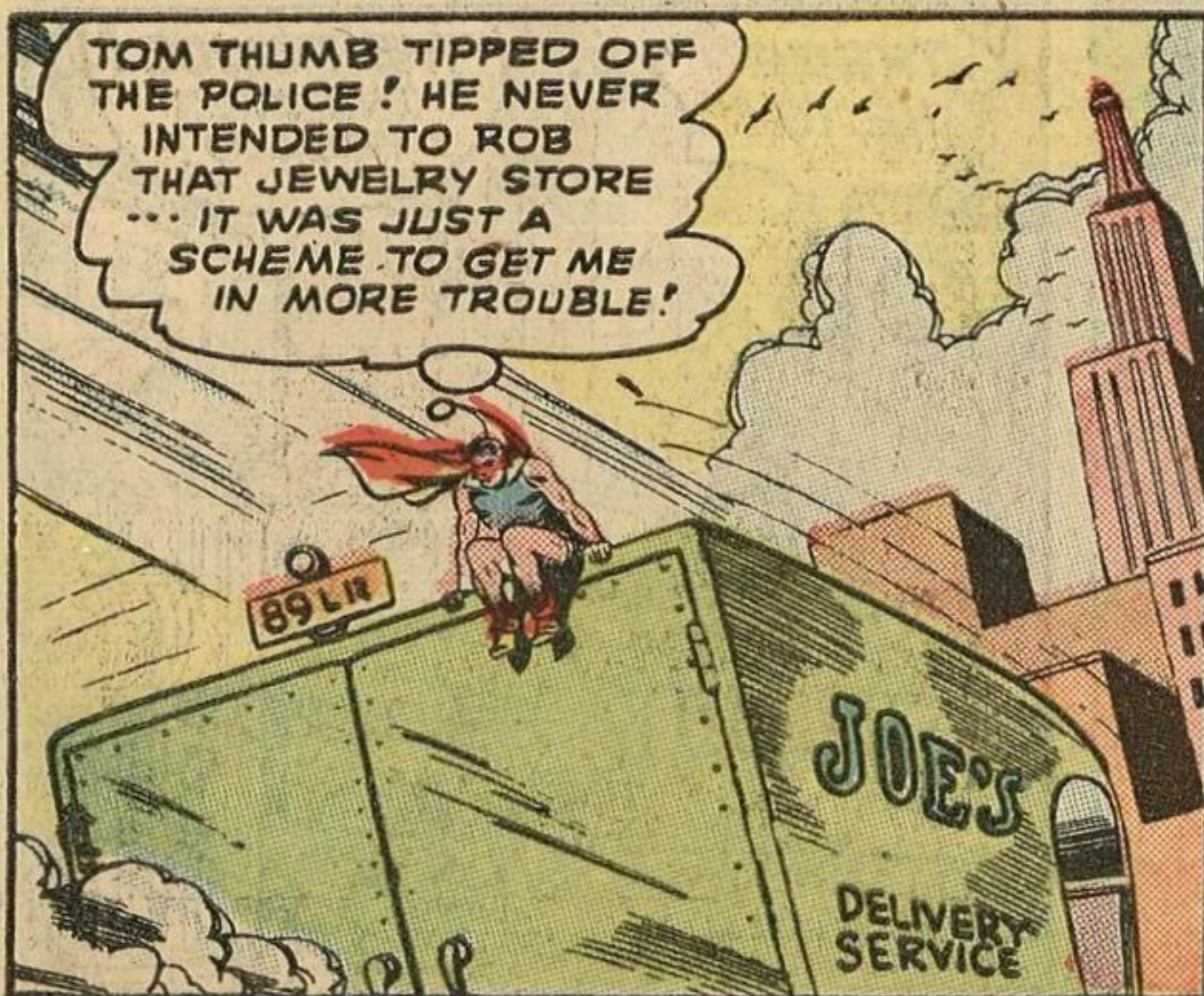
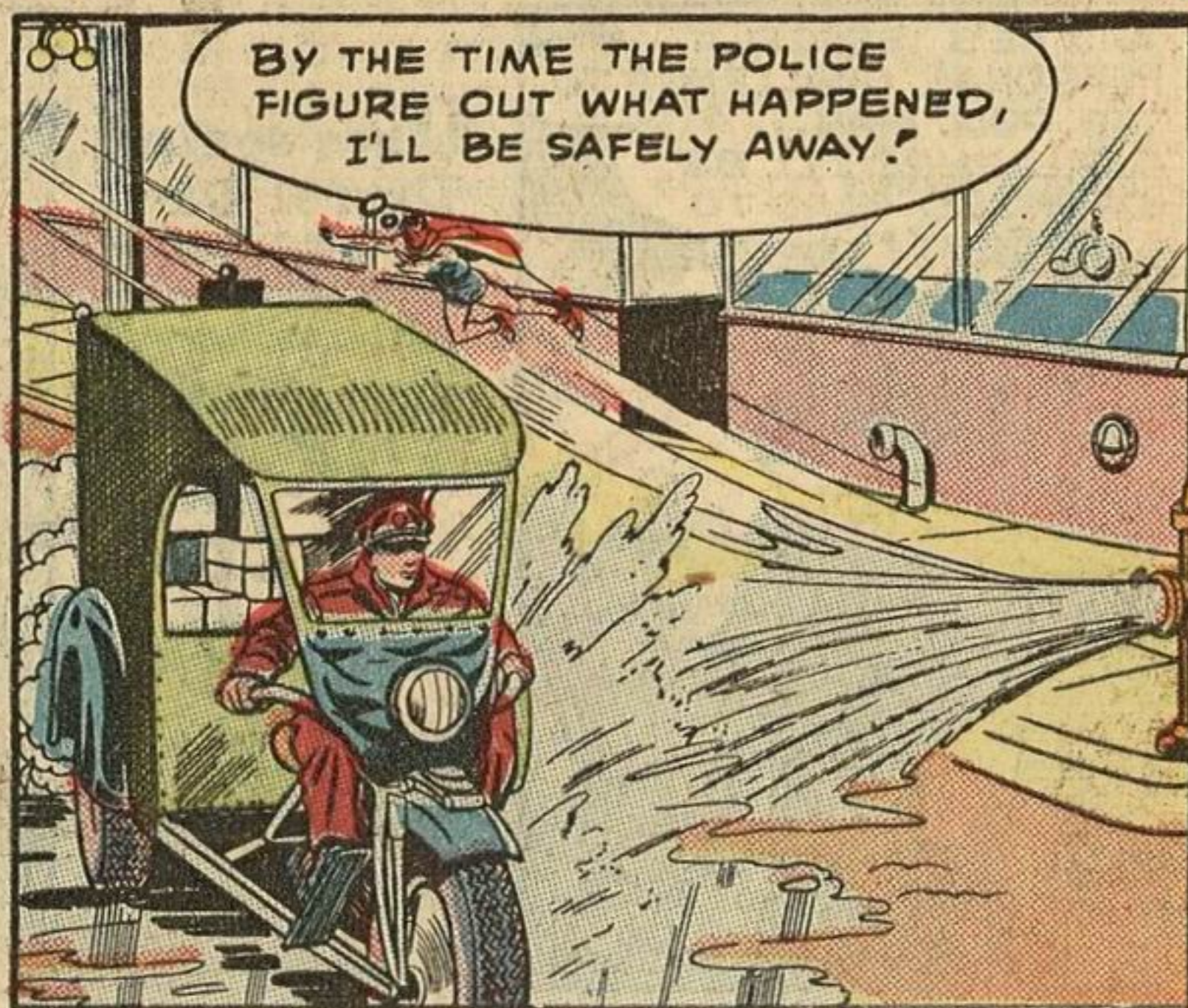
WHEEEEEEE



THERE HE IS!

THE POLICE! I'VE BEEN TRICKED!







Later, in the headquarters of Muggs Maloney, gang chieftain....

ULP!  
THE  
DOLL  
MAN!

DON'T BE  
FRIGHTENED,  
MUGGS!



HAVEN'T YOU BEEN  
READING THE PAPERS?  
I'M ON **YOUR** SIDE  
NOW!

YA--YA  
MEAN ALL  
THEM  
STORIES  
I BEEN  
READING  
ABOUT YA ARE  
TRUE? YA'VE  
REALLY JOINED  
THE UNDER-  
WORLD?



SURE I HAVE!  
BUT I'VE PLANNED A  
JOB THIS TIME, WHERE  
I'LL NEED HELP! HOW  
ABOUT JOINING FORCES,  
MUGGS?

IT'D BE A  
PLEASURE,  
DOLL MAN!  
WHAT'S THE  
PITCH?



After the Doll Man leaves...

IMAGINE US WORKING  
FOR DA DOLL MAN!

YEAH! EVERY  
CROOK WILL WANT  
TO JOIN UP WITH THE  
GUY DOLL MAN PICKED  
TO HELP HIM, BOSS!



YOU SAID IT! MAKE  
SURE EVERYBODY GETS  
THE WORD, TOO! I  
DON'T WANT THIS JOB  
TO BE NO SECRET,  
GET IT?

LEAVE IT  
TO US,  
BOSS!  
WE'LL  
SPREAD  
THE NEWS!



*And  
the  
under-  
world  
grapevine  
soon  
relays  
word to  
Tom  
Thumb  
.....*

MUGGS MALONEY  
IS LYING! THE  
DOLL MAN  
CAN'T BE  
HELPING  
HIM!

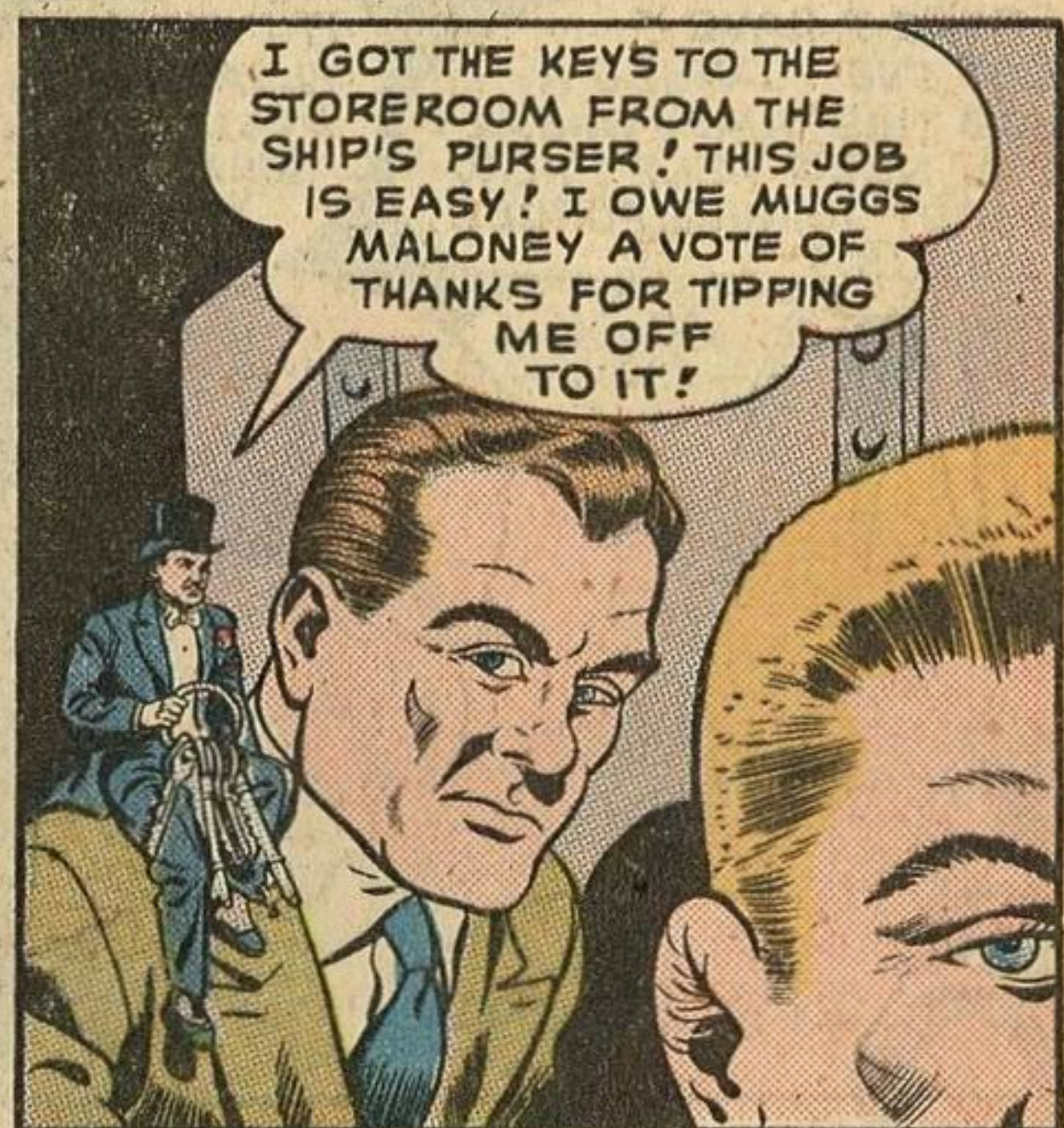
EVERY RACKET  
GUY IN TOWN  
BELIEVES HE IS!  
THEY'RE GOING TO  
ROB THE STORE-  
ROOM OF THE S.S.  
SALVADOR, WHEN  
IT ARRIVES IN  
PORT!



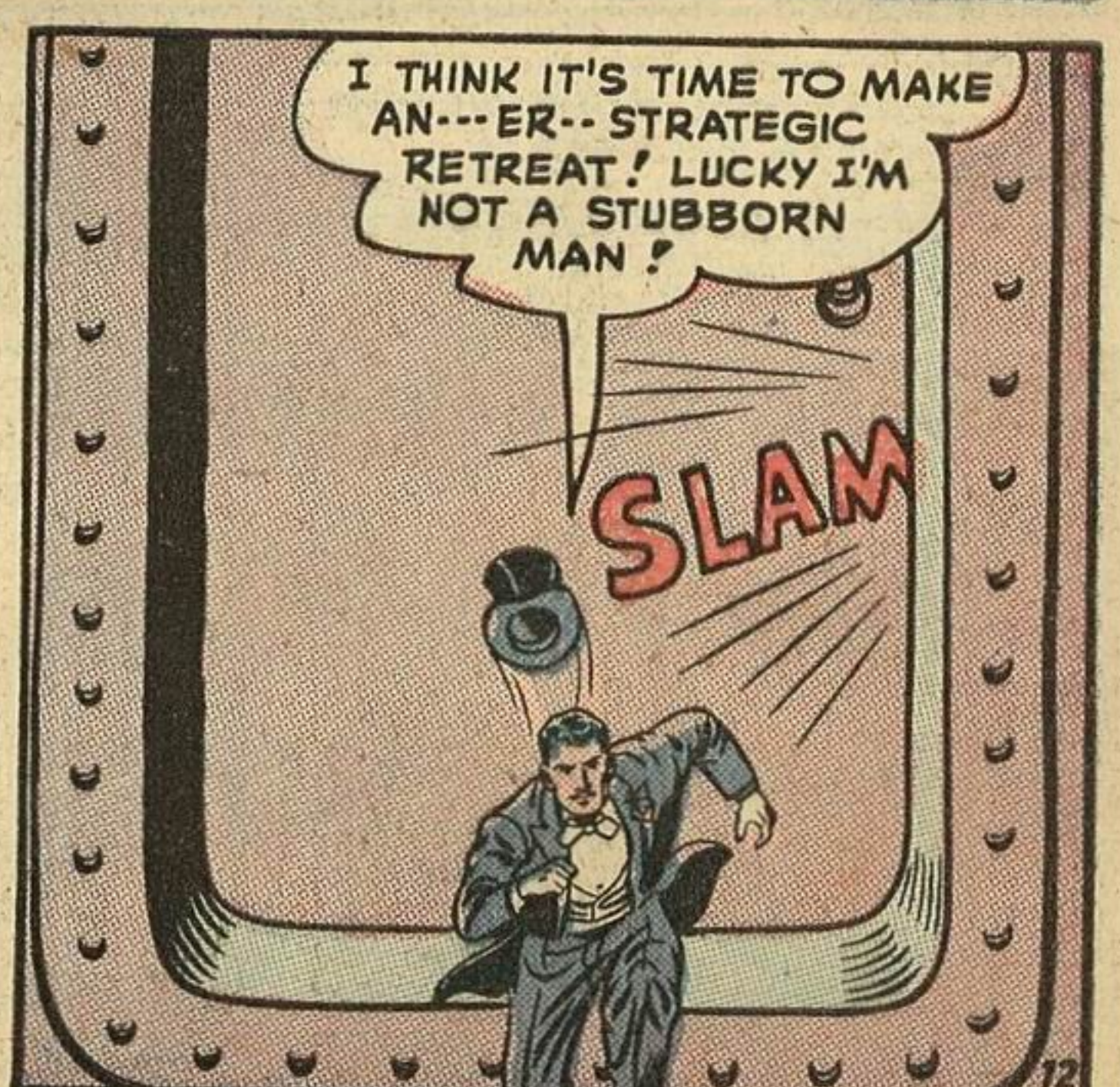
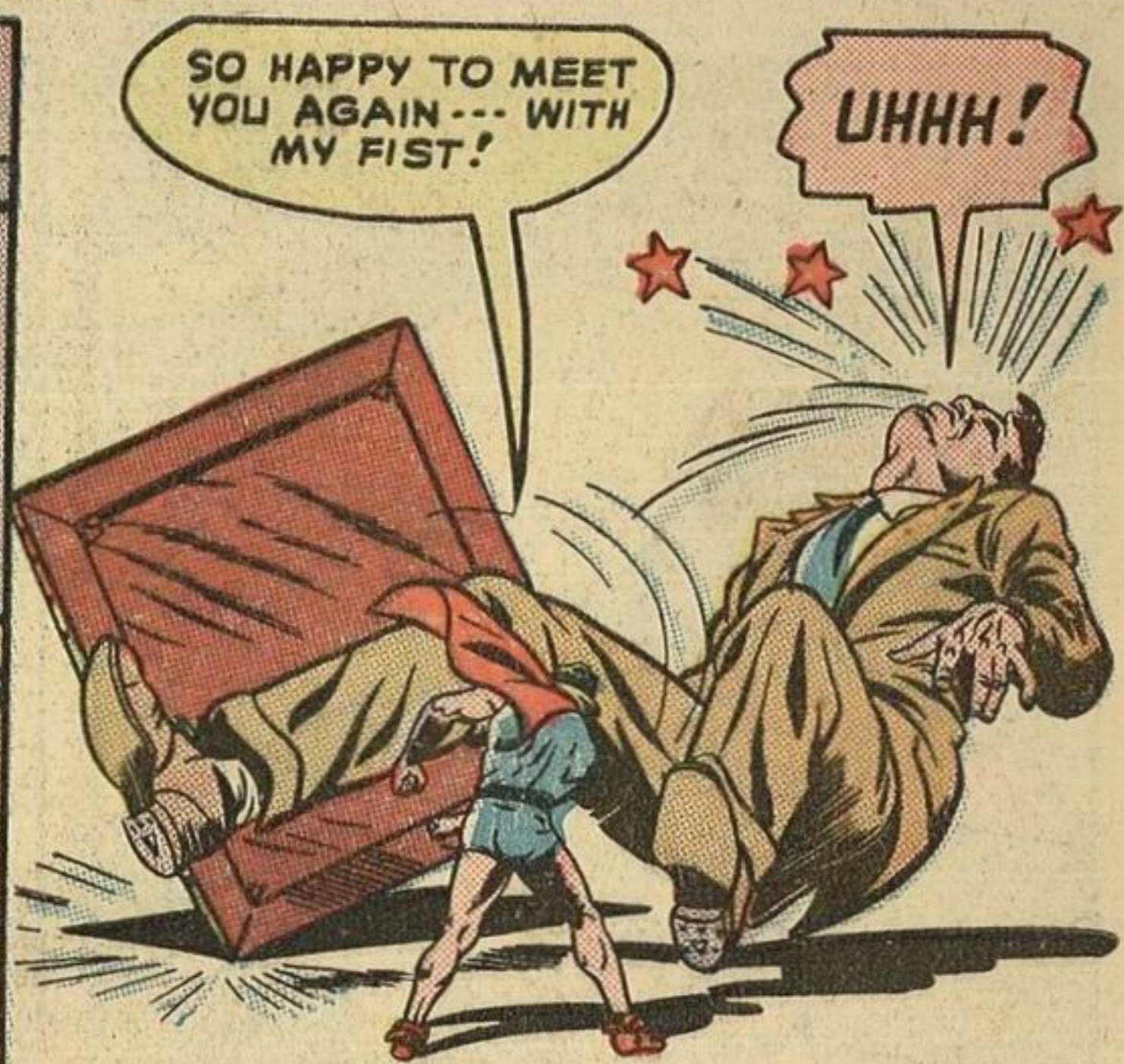
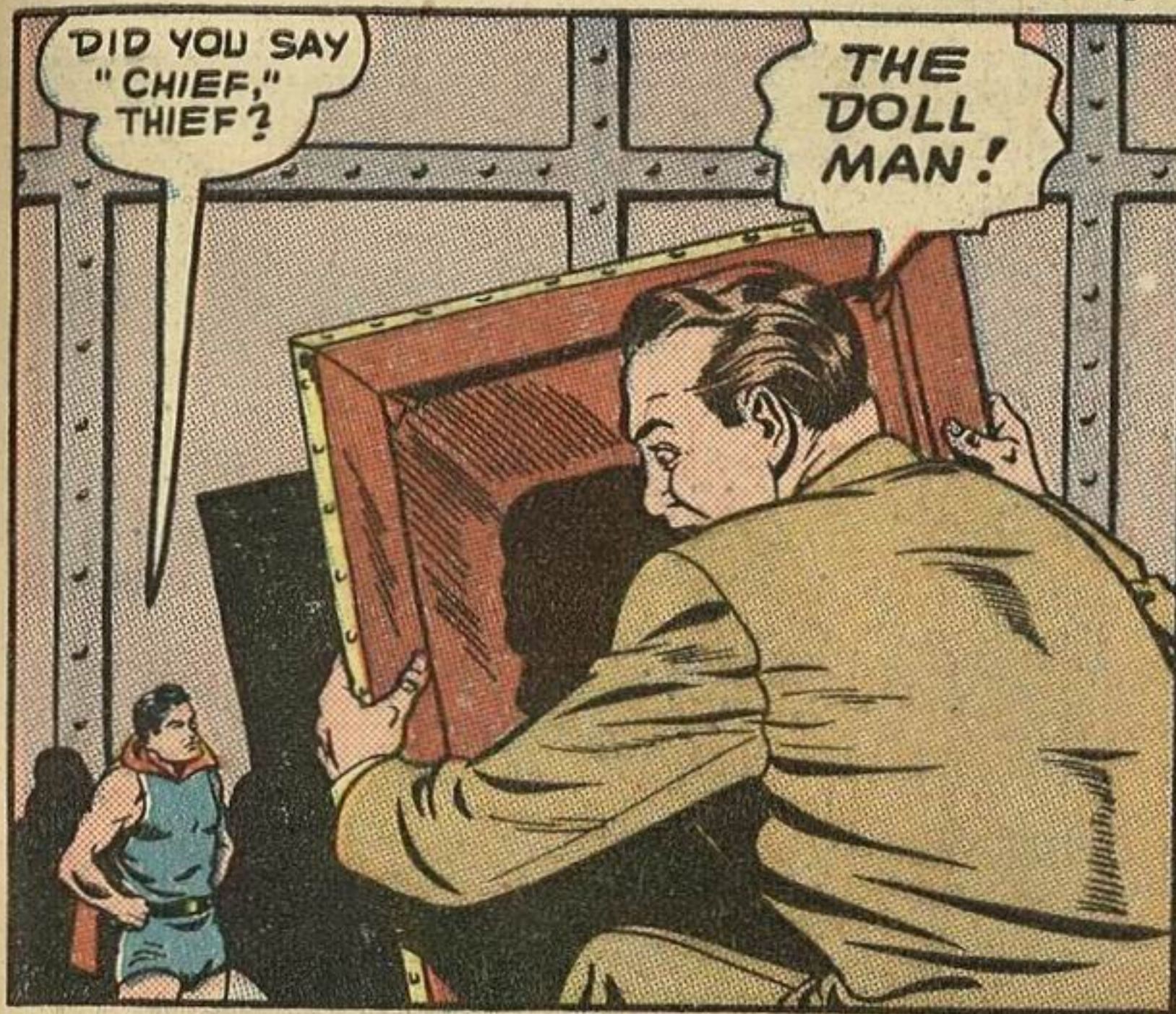




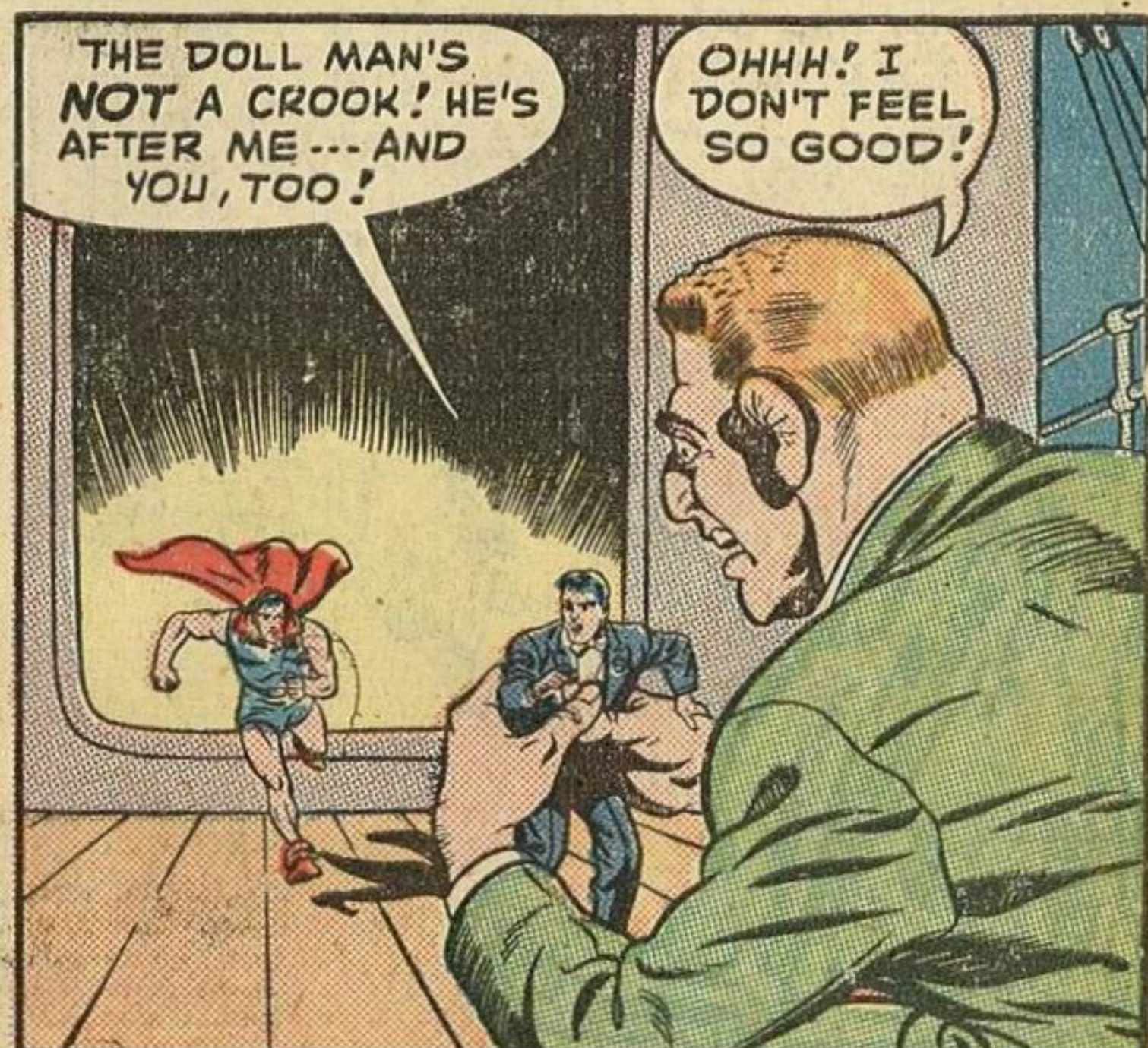
Night, and as the S.S. Salvador lies in dock ----



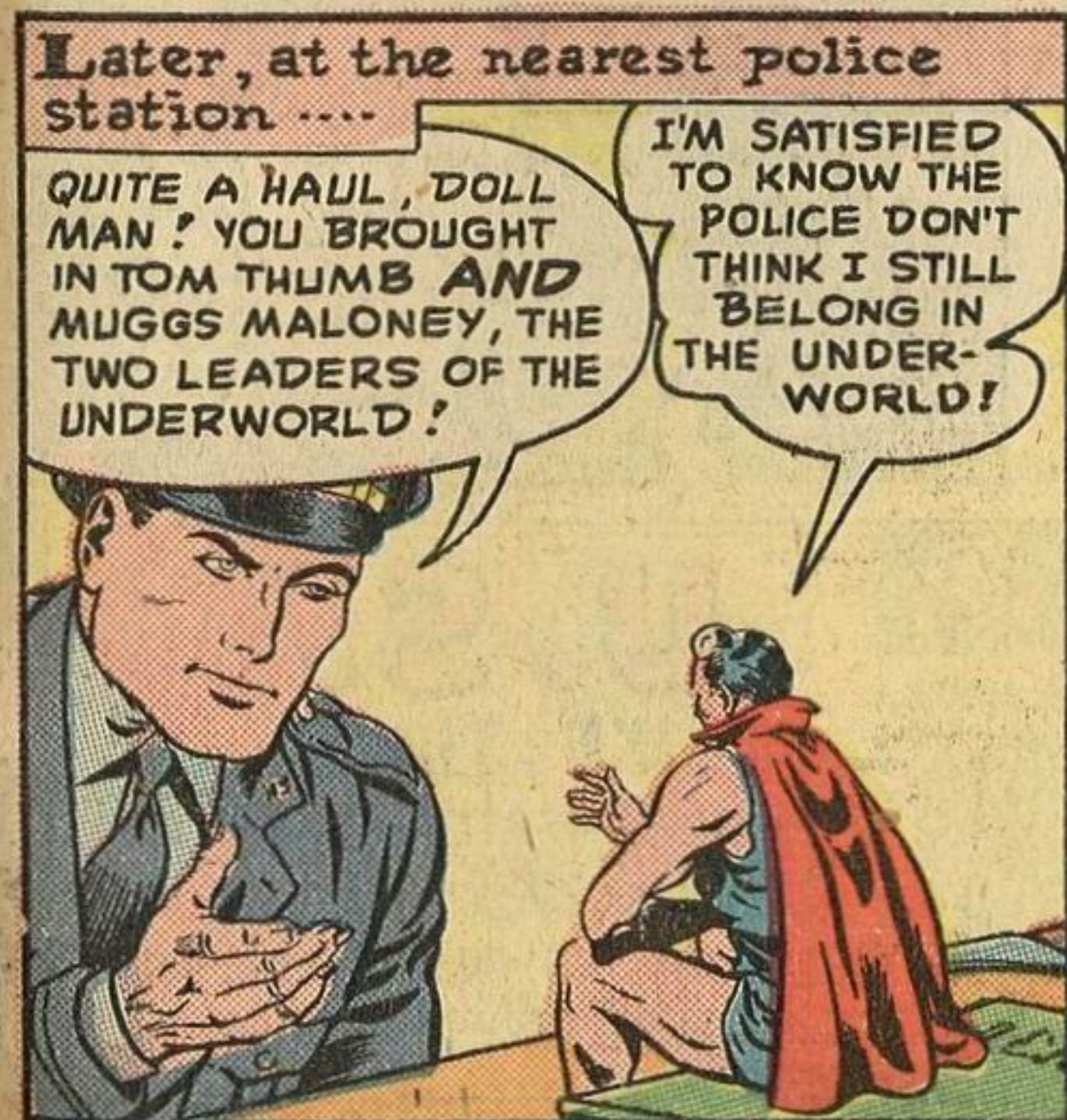
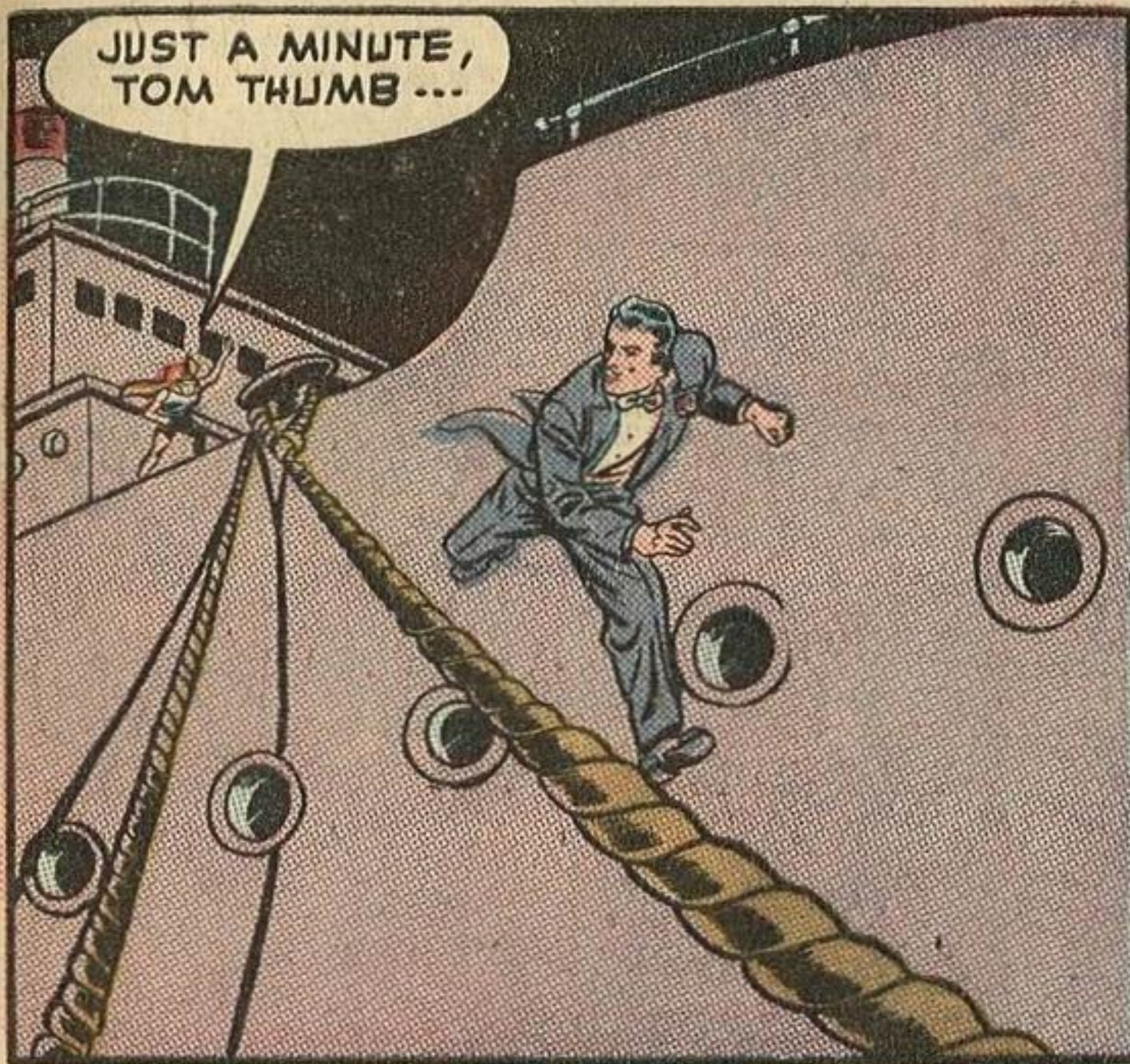














# U.S. ROYAL

WITH HIS  
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



## ROPING THE RUNAWAY DRIVER



IT'S A BEAUTIFUL DAY AND DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE BOYS OF THE ELM CITY BIKE CLUB ARE RIDING PLEASANTLY ALONG A COUNTRY ROAD...

THE WAY U.S. ROYAL IS KEEPING PACE WITH US, YOU'D NEVER THINK HE WAS RIDING A JET BIKE!

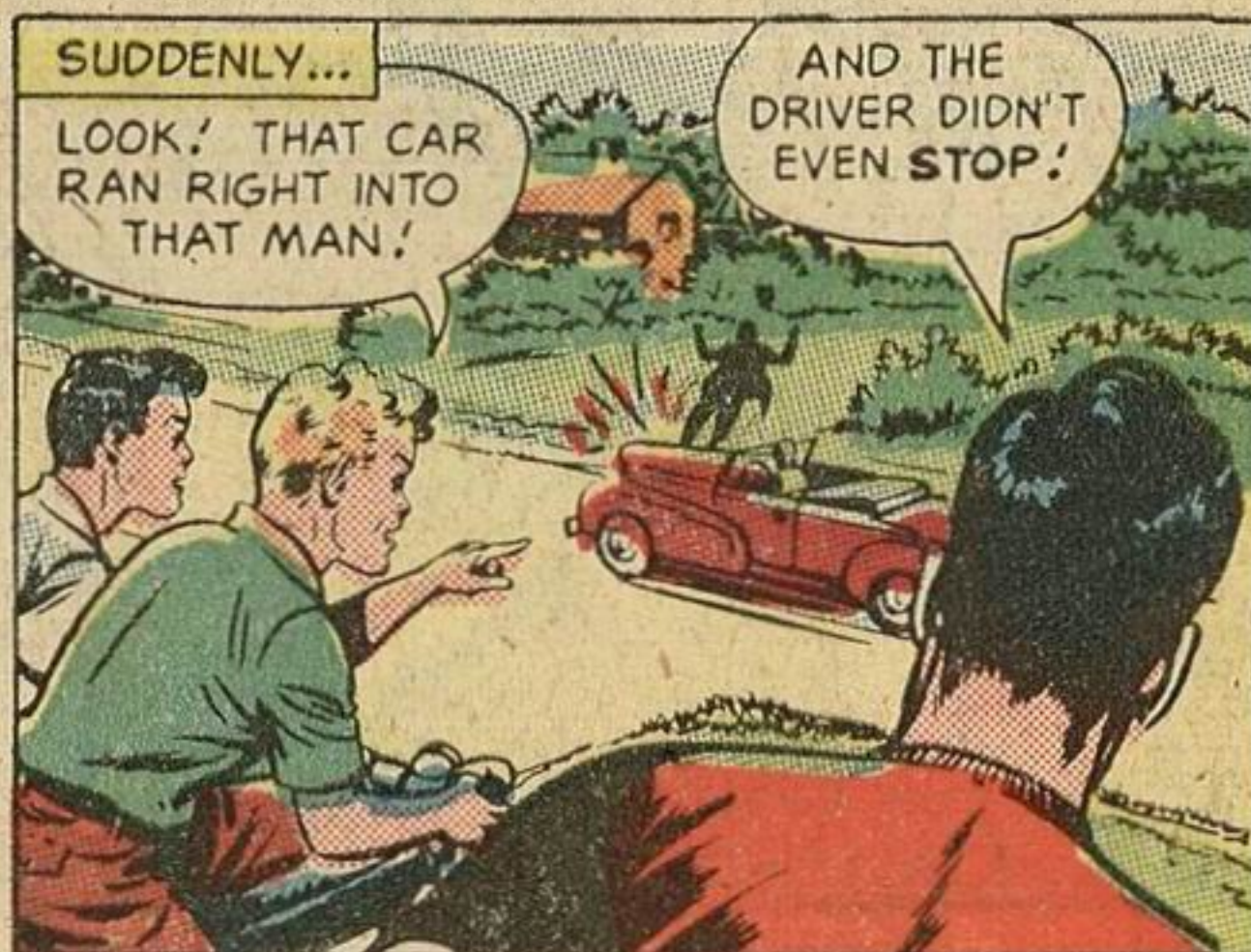
LISTEN... IF HE OPENED 'ER UP, WE'D THINK WE WERE GOING BACKWARD!



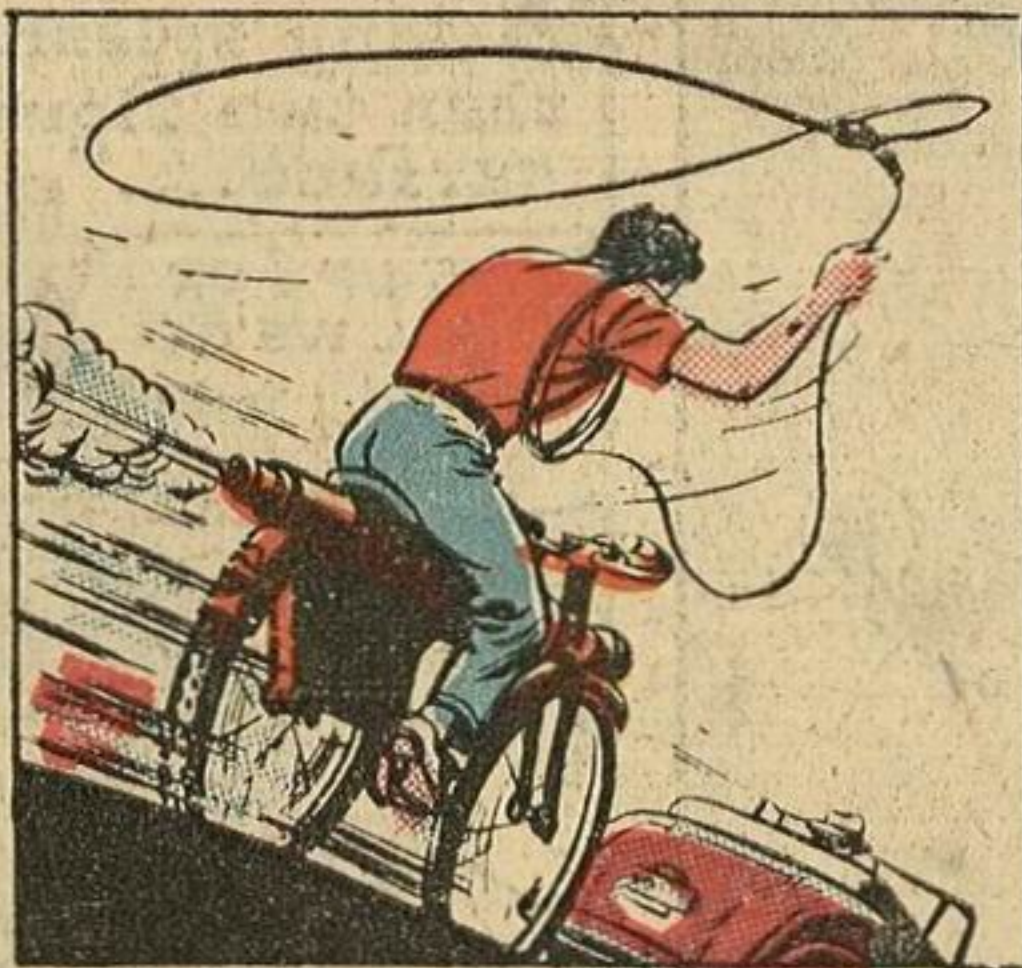
SUDDENLY...

LOOK! THAT CAR RAN RIGHT INTO THAT MAN!

AND THE DRIVER DIDN'T EVEN STOP!



I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM, BOYS! YOU, BOB, LOOK AFTER THAT POOR FELLOW WHILE TOM BIKES TO THE NEAREST PHONE FOR THE POLICE!



U.S. LASSOS THE VICIOUS HIT-AND-RUN VILLAIN...JERKS HIM RIGHT OUT OF THE SPEEDING CAR!



U.S. STOPS THE EMPTY HIT-RUN CAR WITH HIS 'SPARK-INTERRUPTER,' SUBDUES HIS PRISONER, AND SOON...

NICE GOING, FELLAS! THIS RASCAL WOULD HAVE GOTTEN AWAY IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOUR FAST THINKING...

AND FAST BIKING, OFFICER... THANKS TO OUR STURDY U.S. ROYALS!



FELLAS, IF IT'S BIKE-SPEED WITH SAFETY YOU'RE AFTER, INSIST ON U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES. THAT BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN MEANS TOP CONTROL AT YOUR FOOT-TIPS.



"AT TOP SPEED, WHEN CONTROL COUNTS, IT'S THAT BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN THAT REALLY STOPS ME IN TIME"... SAYS U.S. ROYAL

FIRM FOOTING... SPLIT-SECOND STOPS... MAXIMUM MILEAGE... SURE TRACTION... PERFECT CONTROL. NO WONDER U.S. ROYAL, WITH ITS SPECIAL BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN, IS AMERICA'S FASTEST-SELLING BIKE TIRE - A FAVORITE WITH MOST OF YOUR FRIENDS.

## U.S. BIKE TIRES

America's Fastest Selling Tires

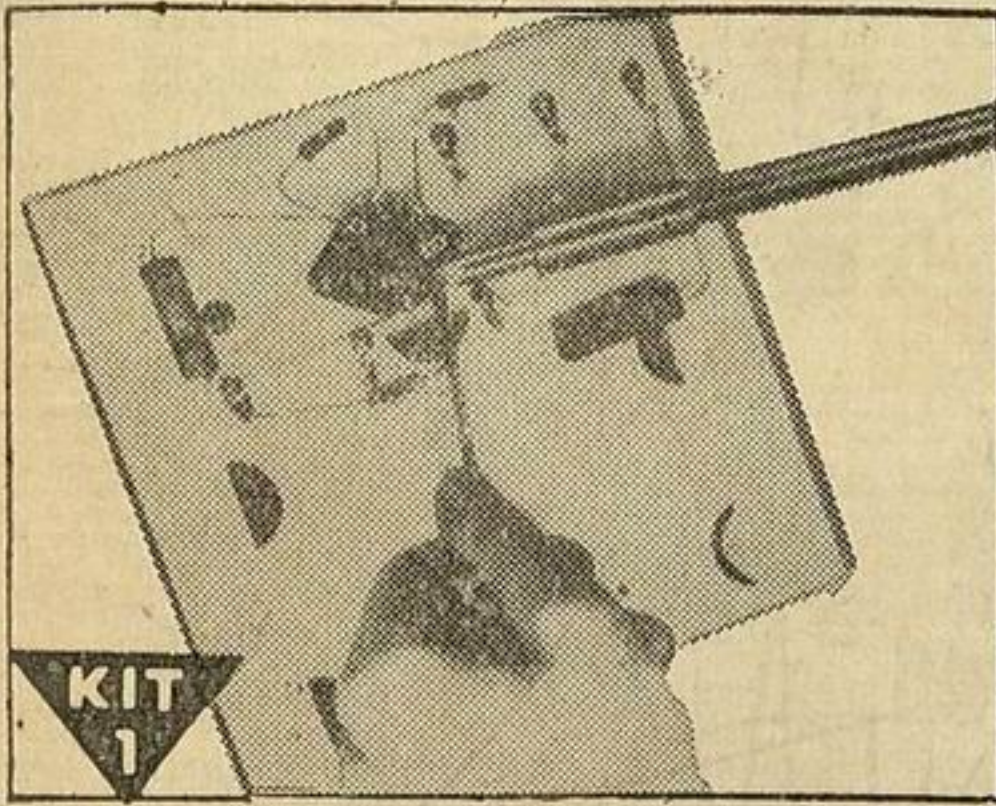


UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY  
Serving Through Science



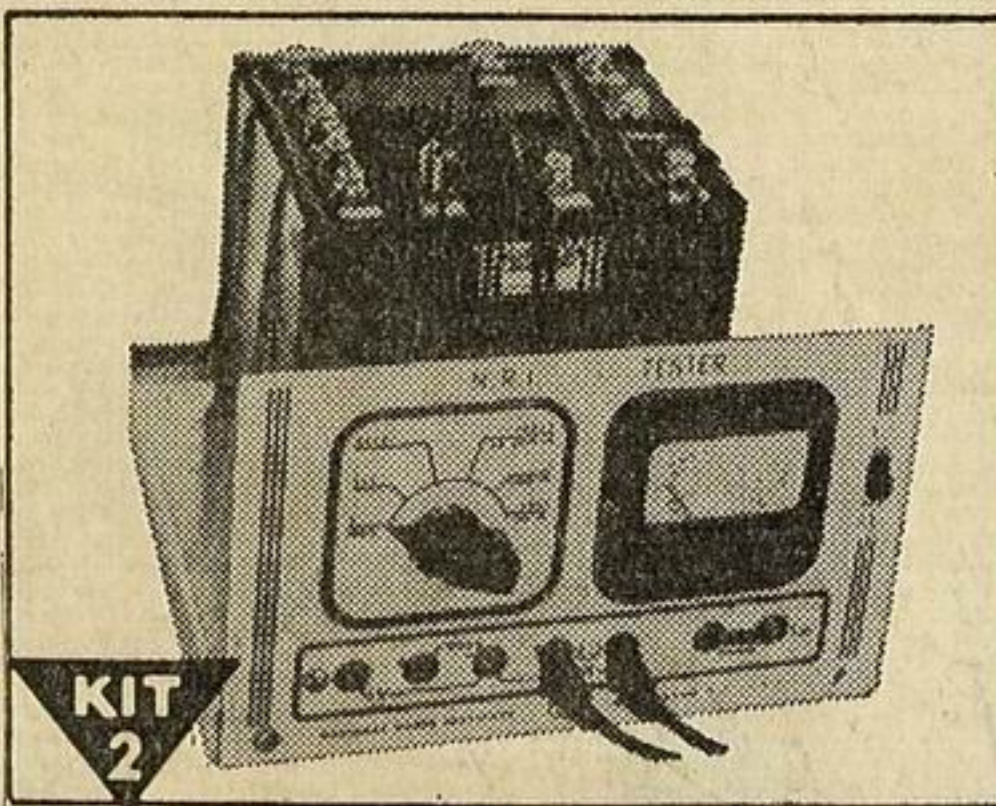
# I Will Show You How to Learn RADIO by Practicing in Spare Time

I Send You  
Big Kits  
of Radio Parts



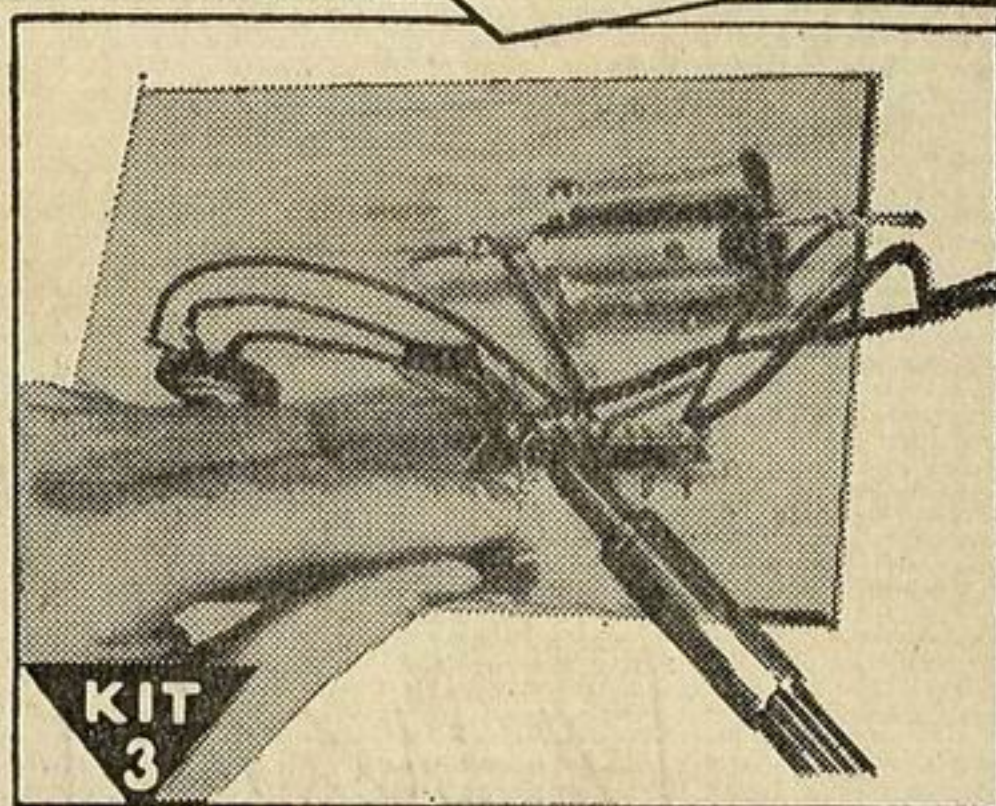
KIT  
1

I send you Soldering Equipment and Radio Parts; show you how to do Radio soldering; how to mount and connect Radio parts; give you practical experience.



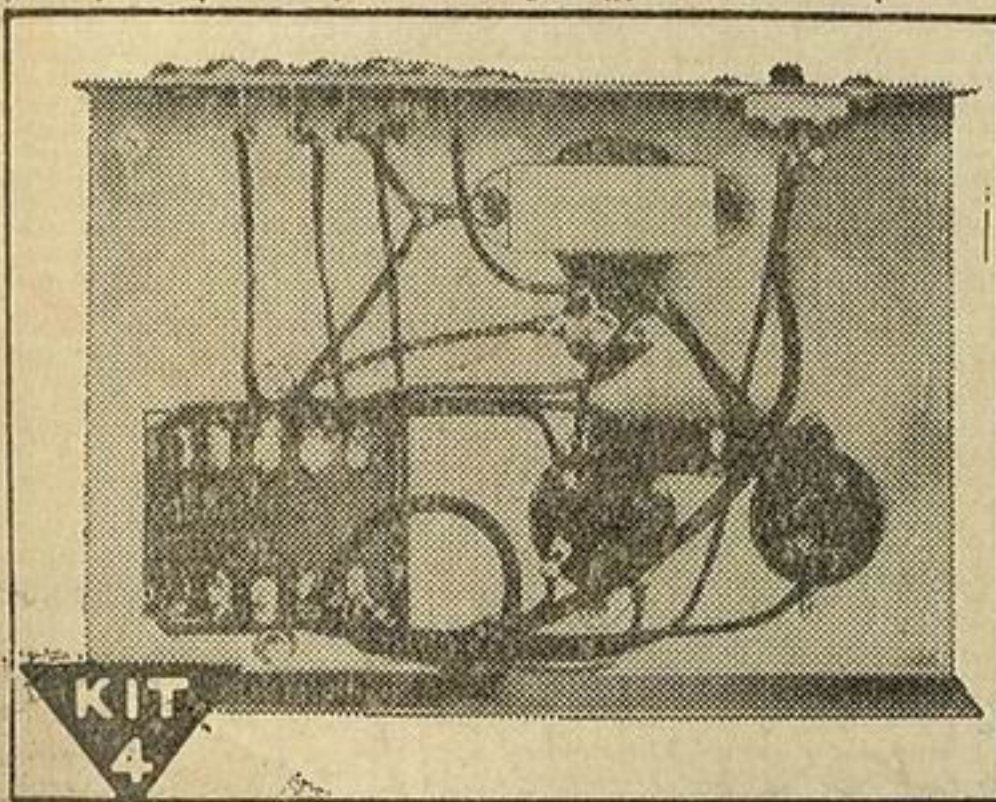
KIT  
2

Early in my Course I show you how to build this N. R. I. Tester with parts I send. It soon helps you fix neighborhood Radios and earn EXTRA money in spare time.



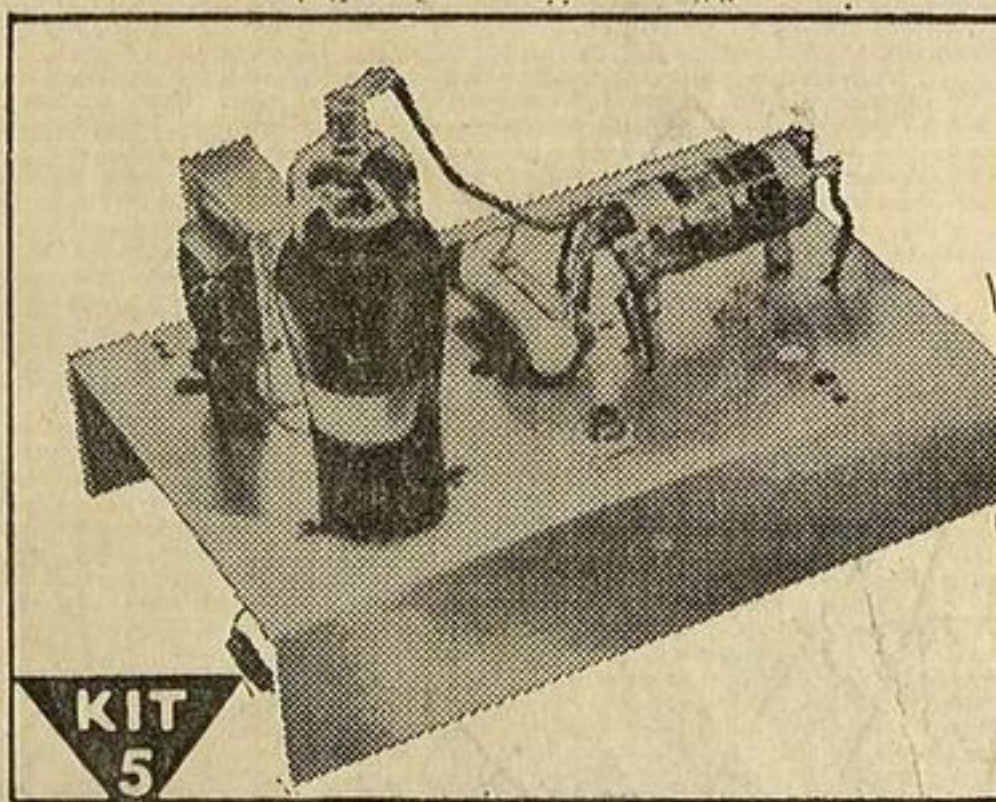
KIT  
3

You get parts to build Radio Circuits; then test them; see how they work; learn how to design special circuits; how to locate and repair circuit defects.



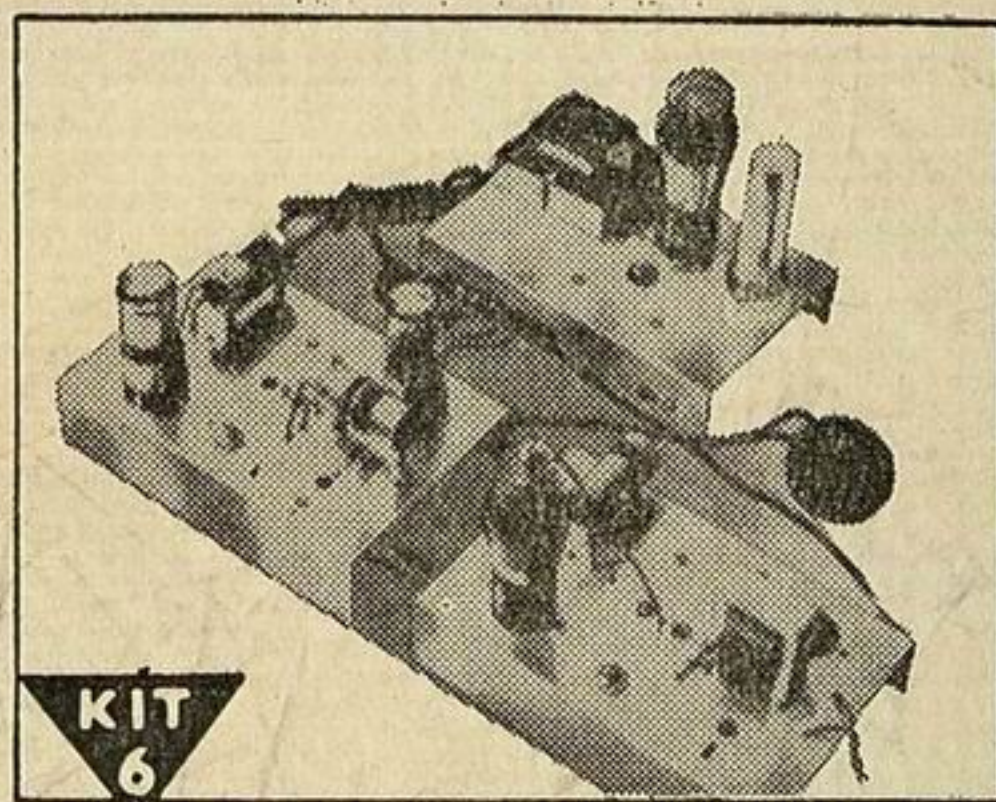
KIT  
4

You get parts to build this Vacuum Tube Power Pack; make changes which give you experience with packs of many kinds; learn to correct power pack troubles.



KIT  
5

Building this A. M. Signal Generator gives you more valuable experience. It provides amplitude-modulated signals for many tests and experiments.



KIT  
6

You build this Superheterodyne Receiver which brings in local and distant stations—and gives you more experience to help you win success in Radio.

## KNOW RADIO—Win Success I Will Train You at Home—SAMPLE LESSON FREE

Do you want a good-pay job in the fast-growing Radio Industry—or your own Radio Shop? Mail the Coupon for a Sample Lesson and my 64-page book, "How to Be a Success in RADIO—Television, Electronics," both FREE. See how I will train you at home—how you get practical Radio experience building, testing Radio circuits with BIG KITS OF PARTS I send!

**Many Beginners Soon Make Extra Money in Spare Time While Learning**

The day you enroll I start sending EXTRA MONEY manuals that show how to make EXTRA money fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time while

still learning! It's probably easier to get started now than ever before, because the Radio Repair Business is booming. Trained Radio Technicians also find profitable opportunities in Police, Aviation, Marine Radio, Broadcasting, Radio Manufacturing, Public Address work. Think of even greater opportunities as public demand for Television, FM, Electronic devices continues to grow. Send for FREE books, now!

**APPROVED FOR TRAINING UNDER GI BILL**

**Find Out What NRI Can Do For You**  
Mail Coupon for Sample Lesson and my FREE 64-page book. Read the details about my Course; letters from men I trained; see how quickly, easily you can get started. No obligation! Just MAIL COUPON NOW in envelope or paste on penny postal.

**J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 8EA3, National Radio Institute, Pioneer Home Study Radio School, Washington 9, D. C.**

*Good for Both—FREE*

MR. J. E. SMITH, Pres., Dept. 8EA3  
National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.  
Mail me FREE, your sample lesson and 64-page book. (No salesman will call. Please write plainly.)

Name.....Age.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH  
RECEIVER SERVICING

How to Be a  
Success  
in RADIO  
TELEVISION  
ELECTRONICS

### VETERANS

You can get this training right in your own home under G. I. Bill.

Mail coupon for full details.





**Butterfinger**  
CANDY...rich in dextrose

**GOES WITH THE CROWD!**

**For Fun  
and Food Energy!**

Wherever the crowd goes, whatever it does, delicious Butterfinger adds to the fun. Covered with rich chocolaty coating, honey-combed center of golden peanut butter and tasty caramel, Butterfinger—rich in dextrose—is marvelous any time.

  
Another **CURTISS** Candy  
Also Makers of **Baby Ruth** Candy Bars

**CURTISS**

Producers of Fine Foods